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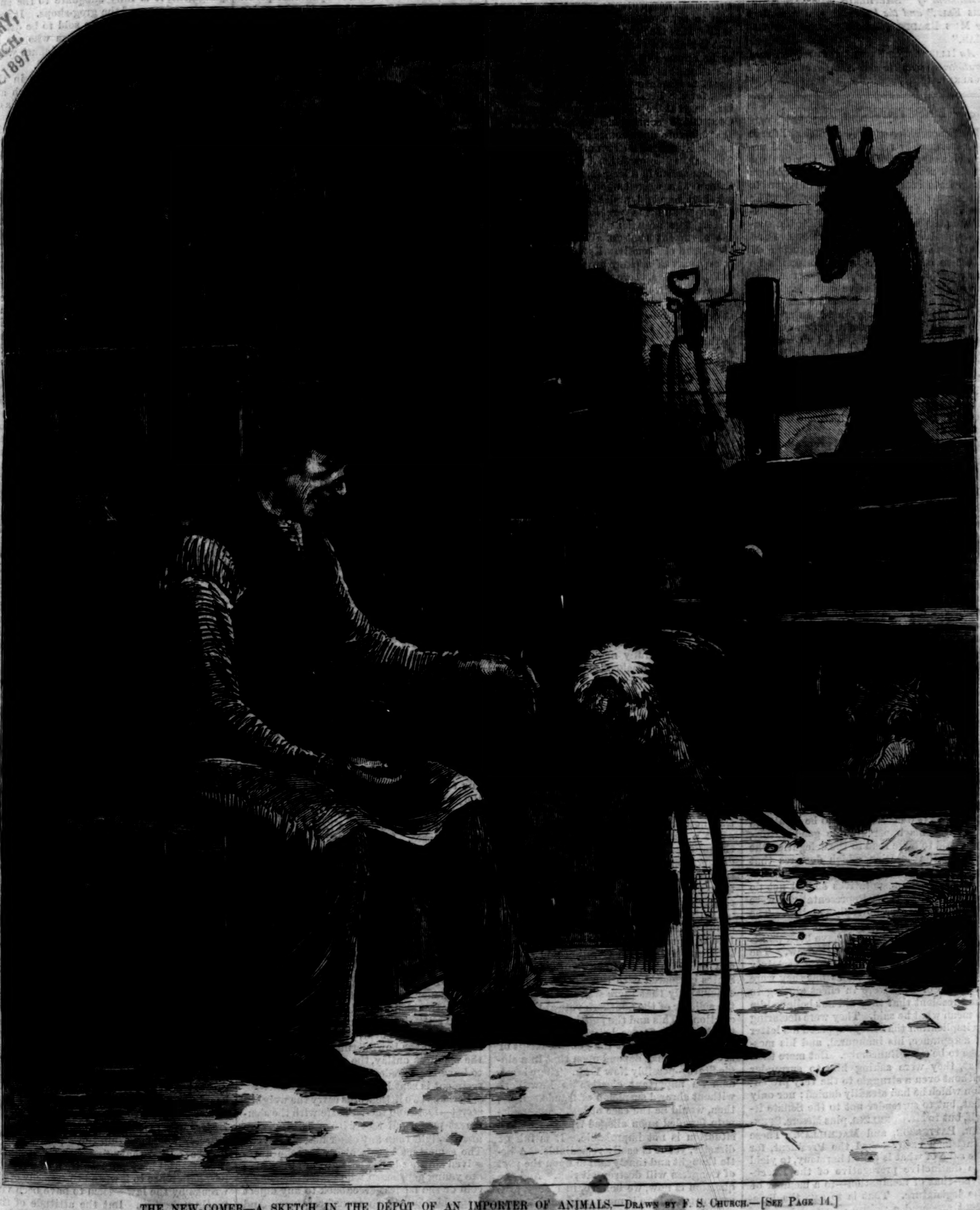

THE NEW-COMER—A SKETCH IN THE DÉPÔT OF AN IMPORTER OF ANIMALS.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 14.]

☞ The beginning of a new year is a good time for the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR to renew their subscriptions to those periodicals, both of which offer unrivalled literary and pictorial attractions. The most popular authors and artists of America and Europe contribute to their columns.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

☞ *The* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains two fine illustrations, another installment of* "SHEPHERDS ALL AND MAIDENS FAIR," *and the beginning of a new Story by* MISS BRADDON, *entitled* "THOU ART THE MAN."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"DEESTRICK" POLITICS.

THE acerbities of public political life are fortunately relieved by occasional unconscious touches of comedy. One of these was the recent action of the Republican Representatives from New York in regard to the nominations that were rejected. The one thing which the President has emphasized is the necessity of observing the constitutional limitations of the executive and the legislative power. The dictation of members of Congress in appointments he has courteously declined, and upon the most reasonable and conclusive grounds. After the most mature deliberation he has decided that it was his duty, in the interest of the public service, to nominate new customs officers in New York. He did so, and the committee of the Senate—that is, Messrs. CONKLING, SPENCER, PATTERSON, and MACMILLAN—reported adversely. Without action of the Senate the session ended, and the new one immediately began. The President sent in his Message, in which the doctrine of the Cincinnati platform upon which he was nominated was distinctly repeated. He said plainly that the sole duty and responsibility of nomination devolved upon the Executive, and the complete right of consenting or rejecting upon the Senate, while the House of Representatives "stands as the public censor of the performance of official duties, with the prerogative of investigation and prosecution in cases of dereliction." He added that most of the trouble in the civil service sprang from the meddling of each department with the duties of the others. In fact, in the firmest and most courteous manner the President said that when he wished the advice of members of Congress he would ask for it, and that advice urged upon him unsought he should be obliged to consider impertinent, just as those members and the country would condemn and resent upon his part any attempted dictation of legislation or interference with it.

This was the moment when, with most amusing infelicity, the New York delegation waited upon the President and asked him not to renew the nominations that Messrs. CONKLING, PATTERSON, SPENCER, and MACMILLAN had disapproved. The President had the right to treat such a request, under the circumstances, as an insult. But he knew that it was not meant to be insulting, and, with his imperturbable good nature, he is said to have read to the delegation the Cincinnati resolution which declares that the best interest of the public service requires that Representatives should not do precisely what these Representatives were doing. There was no reply possible. The platitudes about harmony and union and good understanding would have been pointless, and the delegation withdrew. The gentlemen who made the request certainly could not have clearly seen what they were doing. For they were in effect stating to the President that they did not believe him to mean what he said. They were declaring by implication that they supposed his letter of acceptance, his inaugural, and his message to be mere Buncombe. But more than that, they were asking him to surrender without even a struggle to the very pretension which he had steadily denied; nor only that, but to surrender not to the Senate itself, but to Mr. CONKLING, plus Messrs. SPENCER, PATTERSON, and MACMILLAN. These gentlemen really asked the President, for the sake of what is called harmony, to yield the distinctive prerogative of the Executive—that of nomination—to a member of the legislature. That is to say, the President proposed a reform of which the first step was that the legislature should not encroach upon the Executive, and the delegation coolly asked him, for the sake of peace, to yield the point. This ridiculous affair shows precisely the nature of the contest. The President, upon whom the Constitution lays the responsibility, deliberately decides that an official change ought to be made, a Senator deliberately resolves that it shall not be made if he can help it, and the New York Representatives beg the President, in the interest of harmony, to let the Senator have his way. Undoubtedly harmony could be had with Mr. CONKLING and his followers, as with most other people, upon these terms. The President declined the ludicrous invitation. He decided not to hand over the executive functions to Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. CONKLING, therefore, rallied a majority of the Senate to declare that removals should be made only with the consent of the Senator from the State.

If the gentlemen of the delegation could have persuaded the President not to renew the nominations, they would have induced him to acknowledge this usurpation, that is all. It is true that he can not prevent it. But it makes a very great difference whether he opposes it or acquiesces in it. The assertion that the officers whom it was proposed to displace were fit officers is pointless, for the President showed by his nomination that he did not think so, and Mr. CONKLING'S course has distinctly proved that his vote upon removals is not decided by the fitness of an incumbent. The contest, as the Boston *Journal* truly remarks, is but one action in a long struggle. The gentlemen who waited upon the President to ask him to yield undoubtedly accept the principle and the practice which he opposes. The argument which they used is the argument that is always urged—the avoidance of trouble. Now if a President or any part of a party propose a reform of existing abuses, there must be trouble with those who favor the abuses. To urge an avoidance of trouble is to propose an abandonment of reform. It seems to be tolerably clear that if the condition of harmony in the Republican party is acquiescence in the evils of the familiar system of the civil service, harmony is indefinitely postponed. For we have no doubt that the Republican friends of a change in that system are quite as earnest as its Republican enemies, although entirely unorganized. And nothing is more amusing in the retrospect of the interview upon which we have commented than the apparent *naïveté* with which the excellent remonstrants with the President assumed that he could not possibly be sincere. "Do you really mean," said a member of Congress to a member of the Civil Service Commission of 1871—"do you really mean that I ought not to appoint the postmasters in my deestrick?"

A DANGEROUS CHANCE.

THERE is one question which we hope Congress will not forget. A year ago it was considered to be of some importance, and it seemed that the country might pay dearly for having willfully neglected it. It is a question of the weakest part of our system of government—the method and determination of a Presidential election. A year ago it was plain that the contingency which the wisest of the fathers had foreseen had arrived, and that we were face to face with a disputed Presidential election, without any method provided for its decision. There were vehement assertions on one side and the other that nothing could be clearer than this or that settlement, all of which were absolutely irreconcilable. Wise men knew that nothing but the truest patriotism could avert a catastrophe: and the result was the proudest event in our history. Now the danger remains, and those who fancy that the chance of a doubtful result is not likely to recur in a hundred years have not looked closely at the situation.

In the present political prospect of the country the vote of the Southern States in 1880 will probably be "solid." It was so in 1876, except in South Carolina and Louisiana and Florida, and the figures in those States compared with those of 1872 showed conclusively that there was little doubt of the solidity of the Southern vote at the next election. This and the political tenacity of the Northern States being conceded, it is very conceivable that the general result of the election may depend upon that in a single State—possibly New York. There is seldom an important election in New York without shrewd suspicion of frauds. Here, then, would be the case of last year—a dispute founded upon alleged frauds. Such a situation is not improbable. It is full of disaster, yet it is easily remediable. A little thought and timely action upon the part of Congress will destroy all risk. And the question is now, we believe, in charge of a committee, where it must not be allowed to slumber.

In 1825–26 an able committee of the Senate, of which Mr. BENTON was chairman, unanimously reported an electoral plan, which was not sustained by the necessary two-thirds, and which was lost in the House in the same way. Twenty years later he proposed it abortively again. It contemplated the division of each State into a number of districts equal to that of its Senators and Representatives, a vote within the districts for President and Vice-President, the result in each to be duly certified and to count as one electoral vote. In case of failure to elect, a second election was to be held immediately between the persons having the two highest numbers of votes; and in case of a second failure by a tie, the House of Representatives was to choose between them. The plan adopted the present vague phraseology of the Constitution in regard to the opening of the certificates in the presence of the two Houses and the counting of the vote. But later experience has dictated some lessons upon that point. Mr. BENTON had little hope of originating real reforms in Congress. He thought that they should begin with the people. But all the later important amendments have been proposed by Congress, and there are obvious advantages in such a course. In his first Message President JACKSON called attention to the subject, and recommended that the electoral system be so amended that the office of Chief Magistrate should not be conferred upon any citizen "but in pursuance of a fair expression of the will of the majority." It is not, of course, possible to make sure of a numerical majority so long as the State basis is preserved. But no one would seriously propose any other basis, and there is, therefore, no more contemptible demagogism than to array the popular or numerical against the constitutional or electoral majority. The point to secure is the most practicable approach to an expression of the popular preference under the State basis, and that would seem to be the district system, which was favored by Mr. BENTON in 1825, and by Mr. MORTON a generation later.

THE "PRESENT" TIME.

IN the middle of December it seemed doubtful whether it was May-day or Christmas that was coming. The season was a prolongation of the temperate and equable summer and the mild autumn, and the loitering citizen wondered if any where on the globe there was a permanent climate like our finest winter days. In Broadway it has seemed foolish to speak of the prostration of industry. Before the windows of the beautiful shops it is idle to say that nobody has any money. For how, except with money, did all these things, rich and strange, get piled into these magnificent masses; and how, alas! without money, will they ever get away? The books certainly were never handsomer or more intrinsically valuable. Many of them are evidently the Decorative Art Exhibition superbly and permanently bound, and in DI CESNOLA'S delightful volume the Christmas buyer can acquire the pictured treasures of the Metropolitan Art Museum. In the bright and still December sunshine the streets swarm with busy and eager throngs. The feast of Santa Claus was never more piously observed. It is truly an embarrassment of riches.

Nothing seems easier than to buy a holiday present, until you try it. But when you take a turn among the shops you are the little boy in the fairy story who could have any thing that he wanted most, but when the good godmother showed him every thing, he wanted every thing most. There is in the idea of a gift something a little apart from common uses. To give a saucepan is merely to minister to thrift. What if a doting young husband should present his bride with a turkey for roasting? She would justly retort that there must be poetry in a present, something of a spiritual beauty, not of a culinary use; costly flowers, for instance, she might suggest as an illustration, something that can not be perverted to use, or, still better, gems of purest ray serene. There is unquestionably a genius for buying gifts. There are persons who have very little money to spend at the holidays, who pass untroubled and self-possessed through all the glittering enticements of the season, and pick out the neat, pretty, unique something from the bewildering chaos, and, with the smallest outlay, the present that seems to have been predestined for that particular recipient is sent home.

Perhaps two little words carry the weighty secret—taste and tact. Taste with the slenderest purse, and tact with a shilling, give more delight than any other holiday buyers. The same tact knows also when the unresolved shilling is the best gift of all. There are young gentlemen who prefer the simple coin or the modest greenback to any object into which others can transform them. And perhaps that fact suggests the safest course to "intending purchasers" who are conscious that they are helpless. Some little souvenir and the convertible currency will be probably the specific for such cases. Nothing can be more dismal than the consciousness that the young gentleman, doubtfully grateful, wishes that you had given him the honest price in money, and kept your old—say, complete *Opera* of VIRGILIUS, in gilt morocco—to yourself. But really this year it seems impossible to go wrong. A walk through the street and a look at the shops are of themselves a Christmas holiday.

GROG AND TAXES.

THE vigor with which Dr. CROSBY pushes his movement against the grog-shops is shown by the fact of the formation of a thousand auxiliary societies, and by his confident prediction that the Legislature will not materially change the law. The law is now perfectly plain, and, in Dr. CROSBY'S judgment, it is fully adequate to the suppression of most of the grog-shops. It provides that liquor shall be sold to be drunk on the premises only by those who are licensed to keep a hotel, and it defines what shall be considered to be a hotel. There are some ten thousand grog-shops in the city of New York, four-fifths of which are without license, and at least nine-tenths of the crime and an immense part of the suffering from poverty spring from the drunkenness which is begun and maintained by the grog-shops. But Dr. CROSBY treats the subject as a tax-payer, not as a moral reformer. Here are thousands of men engaged in an illegal trade which doubles and trebles the taxes, and he exhorts all good citizens to unite in enforcing the law, and thereby in reducing taxation.

With great address he turns their own guns upon the objectors. For instance, it is asserted that the whole subject is in a great muddle. But there is no muddle whatever except in the brains of the officers of the law who are bound to enforce it, and who are muddled in an effort to avoid their plain duty. The law is very simple, as the Court of Appeals has shown, and the Mayor has taken action against the Police Commissioners for their muddled conduct in alternate disregard and vehement partial enforcement of the law. Nobody is in a muddle except those who do not wish to observe the law. It is alleged, also, that to license hotel bars and to close the corner groggeries is to favor the rich at the expense of the poor. On the contrary, the movement is in defense of the poor, for the grog-shops are kept for the sole purpose of picking the poor man's pocket of his money by those who will listen neither to reason nor conscience. The argument is perfectly simple. If people have a right to drink what they please, so has the tax-paying community an equal right to reduce taxation by enforcing public order and safety upon well-recognized principles. Nobody denies the right of the community to regulate the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits as it does those of gunpowder. And the ground of the regulation is the same in both cases—that, without careful supervision, and from their very nature, they endanger life and property.

The Legislature will undoubtedly have to face a demand for the repeal of the law. But the friends of the law have an admirable case. For the present law is a license law with conditions that secure some degree of responsibility in the sellers of liquor. It authorizes, also, fully as many places for the sale as the order of the city can be supposed to tolerate. It will not be easy to show the impossibility of enforcing the law except by arguments that would be hostile to any restrictive law whatever. The question is substantially between the law and free rum. It is not one that politicians like to touch. But the Legislature will doubtless have an opportunity to deal with it.

GOOD SENSE IN FRANCE.

AFTER a prolonged struggle, in which France may be said to have been brought within view of civil war, Marshal M'MAHON has accepted the alternative of M. GAMBETTA. He has surrendered, after threatening to resign, and he has done wisely. Now that the contest has ended peacefully, it may be said that it is very fortunate for France that it has occurred. It has shown, as nothing else could have shown so plainly, what immense republican progress the country has made. France is a country in which a great deal has been said and very little has been known about a republic. The reader has but to turn to VICTOR HUGO'S *History of a Crime* in our pages to see what a grotesque conception the republic was in France only twenty-five years ago. The fundamental idea and condition of a republic—adherence to law, and the remedy of all wrongs by the law—seem to have been virtually unknown. But the attitude of the French Republicans since the 16th of May has been such as to inspire high trust in the political common-sense of the people, and to throw a great deal of light upon the opinion of Thiers that the republic is now the only possible government for the country. He would not have said this had he not seen that the Gambetta republic is neither the bloody crime of Robespierre nor the sentimental reverie of Lamartine.

The conduct of the French Republicans for the long period before the election, during the election, and after the election has been quite as creditable as that of American Republicans during the Presidential uncertainties of last year. That the French, or any other people, would have composed such a contest so wisely and well as we did, we do not believe. But the patience and order with which the result has been awaited in France are unprecedented in that country, and show an unsuspected political maturity. The moderation and restraint of the Republicans, however, were not misunderstood. They did not mean fear or demoralization. On the contrary, they meant quiet resolution; and Marshal M'Mahon knew very well that the instant he took a forcible step beyond the law he would be confronted with organized resistance.

The result is most fortunate for all sides. The organ of M. Gambetta expresses its satisfaction, and the Assembly has gone to work readily and in good humor. Not the least of the pleasant consequences is the confusion of the Bonapartist plots. The legacy of the empire to France is a cabal of political desperadoes and gamblers, of which De Cassagnac is a characteristic representative, and they have had a very dangerous ascendency over the marshal. But he has for the moment wholly renounced them, and every month of order under republican law is an immense gain for the country. The perils of a wise republicanism in France, however, are still enormous. Clericalism, the want of true popular traditions and habits, the army, and the virtually irresponsible Executive are the roots of incalculable possibilities of mischief. But the country has done more in the last six months to justify favorable anticipations of a continuous and tranquil political development than ever before.

TROUBLE IN TEXAS.

The trouble on the Rio Grande, and the appointment of a committee by the Senate to inquire into our relations with Mexico, with the stout assertion of a few papers that we are insulted and outraged by the Mexican authorities, have excited some attention. Parts of the frontier are unquestionably lawless, and in the usual condition of Mexico it is difficult to expect its Government to discharge all its duties on the border. The orders to our troops under certain circumstances to pursue marauders across the line is probably a practical necessity, if we would have some forms of order and law respected in that region. But the recent difficulty at El Paso, in which some Americans are said to have lost their lives, is totally distinct from the usual border troubles. There are salt lakes in Texas from which the Mexicans immemorially have taken salt. Americans have attempted to get possession of the lakes and levy toll, but the Mexicans in Texas have resisted the effort. In a quarrel growing out of the matter an American shot an Italian who was interested upon the Mexican side, and fled. This trouble deepened into a feud, and the Governor of Texas sent a squad of State troops to keep order. They were forced to surrender, and affairs became so serious that the Governor asked aid of the President. The President has directed an advance of troops simply to keep order, and the Mexicans are reported as marching to the Rio Grande.

This is the situation which some interested persons would make to be very serious and involving actual hostilities with Mexico. There need be no fear that the President is anxious for war with Mexico or with any other power. His policy is especially one of peace. The motion in the Senate for a committee of inquiry with large powers is thought to imply a distrust of the Administration and a desire to annoy it. And although strictly within the right of the Senate, it is a right which it would not have exercised under the late Administration. On the other hand, it is urged that the President in his Message especially asked the attention of Congress to the subject, and that the action taken is strictly conformed to his recommendation of attention.

The remarkable point in the movement in the Senate is that the resolution was offered by the anti-Administration leader, Mr. Conkling, and that the committee is composed of his especial adherents. The Vice-President states, in explanation of the extraordinary composition of the committee, that it was not designed, but resulted from the exigencies of parliamentary custom under such circumstances. It is at least encouraging to find that this custom places upon the committee those eminent pacificators Messrs. Hamlin and Howe. For it is an earnest that "whatever has been felt to be unkind or offensive in the conduct of" either people upon the border "will be treated as if it had never occurred, and are mutually simultaneously withdrawn."

WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

If the question were asked, who are the most honored, trusted, and beloved citizens of the republic to-day, would not the answer include a class of citizens who are not politically eminent? Although, then, we may reserve our highest *honors* for political eminence, it is yet not altogether true that we offer to it the highest *honor*. Dr. Holland, therefore, very properly asked, in his letter to the Whittier dinner: "I wonder if those old poets of ours, Mr. Dana, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Whittier, appreciate the benefit they confer upon their fellow-citizens by simply consenting to live among them as old men? Do they know how they help to save the American nation from the total wreck and destruction of the sentiment of reverence?" Dr. Holland undoubtedly mentioned the names of the men among us who are most highly and universally respected, and the fact is a rebuke to the assertion that American standards and ideals are mercenary, partisan, and low.

In such a tribute as that lately offered to Mr. Whittier upon his seventieth birthday there was no alloy of personal or partisan feeling. It was the spontaneous expression of sincere admiration and regard, and a recognition of that fine and lofty service of the citizen which is wrought solely by intellectual influence and moral inspiration. The genius of Whittier, which seems so shy and recluse, was a most important power in arousing and stimulating the moral sentiment which was the support and the security of the vast political contest of the last generation. It is the song of the poet that leads the leaders, and the followers feel, without hearing, the inspiring music. In more recent times Mr. Whittier has been known as a contemplative poet, whose verse, with a singular unconscious pathos of melody, always shapes a moral, as sunset clouds assume coherent forms without losing their aerial charm. Although a Quaker, the life and character and legend of New England have always fascinated him, and "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" whisper along his line.

His literary associates in all parts of the country vied with each other in honoring his birthday. Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes sat with him at table, and read verses which he, not expecting to be present, had prepared. Mr. Howells with felicitous grace presided, and speeches and letters were all in the same key, not only of warm admiration for a sweet singer, but of hearty respect for the man whose simple and upright life, lofty patriotism, and sturdy conscience have all been through his song a benediction to his country. His career has not been one of literary ease and avoidance. He has not felt himself excused by his retiring temperament and his poetic gifts in declining his part as an American citizen. He has dared to differ from the majority upon exciting public questions; he has faced mobs; he has risked life and good name; he, too, has seen with pain how readily in political difference even seeming gentlemen become blackguards; but he has quietly followed "the inner light," and it has led him at last through bitter contests, but with self-respect and the honor of his country, to

"An old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night."

PERSONAL.

Ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, has carefully collected statistics to show that there is not proportionately one-tenth of the liquor sold and used in that State that there was forty years ago, and that drunkenness, pauperism, and crimes of violence having their origin in the use of liquor have largely decreased.

—General Nelson A. Miles, who has won so much distinction in the late Indian campaign, was at the outbreak of the rebellion selling dry-goods over the counters of a Boston store. He had a few months' experience in the country militia. He soon received a lieutenant's commission in a volunteer regiment, was wounded at Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and at the close of the war had the rank of a major-general.

—In a London letter describing the journalists' dinner to Mr. Forbes the following paragraph makes mention of the manner in which certain notable literary men do their work: "Many journalists in the present day dictate their work to short-hand writers. One of the most prolific leader writers on the *Daily Telegraph* dictates every line of his work. He has a curious habit of composition. He makes a point of producing his leader at the office every night. He takes off his coat, waistcoat, and boots, lights a short pipe, and walks about the room, and in an hour his article is finished. Now and then it is completed in half that time. Lucy, of the *Daily News*, dictates the whole of his matter. Yates hardly ever writes a line. His short-hand clerk is continually at his elbow. Several men have tried to bring the type-writer into use, but only Farjeon has been enabled to achieve success with it, and Farjeon was originally a printer, so that the mechanical character of the work bothered him less at the outset than is the case with most writers. Then the 'copy' is not altogether pleasant to read, being all capital letters."

—The late Charles F. Briggs was for many years the intimate friend of Edgar A. Poe. In a posthumous article from his pen he gives the following personal sketch of the poet at his best: "His remarkably shaped head, high and broad forehead, his pale complexion, large gray eyes—which always had a sad and tearful look—and his finely formed mouth, all indicated delicacy and refinement of thought and tenderness of feeling. He never laughed, and rarely smiled; but when he did smile, there was always a partially suppressed expression of sadness. He spoke with great precision, as though he were dictating to an amanuensis, and never for a moment gave utterance to what might be thought a spontaneous or unconsidered idea. His dress was neat and free from any thing eccentric. He never wore an ornament, and avoided colors. His manners were free from affectation, and, although they were graceful and unrestrained, yet he was respectful and deferential."

—Notwithstanding the opposition of Stephen Girard to religions of all sorts, and the care taken in his will to exclude ecclesiastics from ever officiating in the college buildings, a chapel for the use of the boys of the college has been built which will seat 2000 persons. The new buildings erected will enable the college to receive 320 more scholars. Notwithstanding the exclusion of clergymen, the institution is nevertheless Christian in its character. The president, Dr. W. H. Allen, is an accomplished and successful lay preacher. Mr. Welsh, the minister to England, has frequently occupied the desk. Several of the graduates of the college have entered the Christian ministry.

—The youngest member of the New York delegation in the House of Representatives is the Hon. D. N. Lockwood, of Buffalo, who was born in 1844; the oldest is the Hon. George W. Patterson, of the Chautauqua district, who was born in 1799. The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, when in the House, is usually to be seen in the central area before the Clerk's desk, occupying the wheeled arm-chair of an invalid, with a portable desk upon the arm. The occupant generally shields his head from the draughts of the hall with a heavily brimmed hat, and is dressed with the warmth so grateful to old age. His hair is long and of an iron gray; his shaven face is painfully thin, and every feeble movement reveals the extreme emaciation of his figure; but the years of "the lean and slippered pantaloon" and of the "shrunk shank" have left undimmed the fire of the dark eyes, in which alone there has been no ebb of vitality.

—Bass, the famous brewer, is the largest British tax-payer, averaging $5000 for every working-day of the year.

—It is said that the expense to the New York *Herald* and London *Telegraph* of Stanley's last African expedition will be over $100,000.

—The Marquis of Bute has offered to build, at his own expense, and to present to the University of Glasgow, the grand hall of the new buildings, according to the designs proposed by Mr. Gilbert Scott. It is estimated that the building will cost $400,000.

—Jefferson Davis said recently: "I think Andrew Jackson had the greatest influence on his country of any American, and in that respect was the greatest man we have produced. He left a strong and romantic mark upon his time and succeeding times. I knew Calhoun, and was patronized by him when I entered the Senate. But all the boys and urchins, from generation to generation, feel Jackson's example."

—The French journals mention the death at Pau of a man one hundred and four years old. He must therefore have seen the reigns of Louis XV., Louis XVI., the Convention, the Directory, Consulate, Empire, Louis XVIII., the Hundred Days, the Restoration, Charles X., the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, the Revolution of 1848, the Republic, the Empire, the Republic.

—M. C. Butler, the new United States Senator of South Carolina, is a nephew of General and Ex-Governor Pierce M. Butler, who fell at Churubusco, and a nephew, through his mother, of Commodore Perry.

—On the arrival of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in London he is to have a formal reception by the Royal Geographical Society, and at the first ordinary meeting of the society in January he is to read a paper summing up his labors and their scientific and commercial results.

—Mr. Webster was not the only statesman who found himself out of patience with President Harrison's inaugural speech. A writer in the Auburn *Advertiser* says that while Harrison was preparing the speech he handed a rough draft to Henry Clay, and asked him to make suggestions in regard to it. "And so," said Clay, "I did venture to run my pencil through some passages. When the President met me he said, 'Well, Mr. Clay, I have adopted your ideas, except in one instance. When I was in Congress' (once Harrison represented alone the whole Northwestern territory) 'a friend of mine wanted to find me, and could not, but in looking over the House of Representatives he saw a man talking, while a group of members of Congress were about him. He listened, and heard something about the Greeks and Romans. "That's Harrison," said he. Mr. Clay, you must leave me my Greeks and Romans.'"

—Mr. Longfellow said at the Whittier dinner: "I do not know why I can not make an after-dinner speech as well as other people, but I can not. I have made several attempts, and I have always observed it to produce a depressing influence." Mr. Charles Dudley Warner quaintly began his talk thus: "Mr. Chairman, it is impossible to express my gratitude to you for calling on me. There is but one pleasure in life equal to that of being called on to make an after-dinner speech, and that is, not being called on. It is such an enjoyment to sit through the courses with this prospect like a ten-pound weight on your digestive organs."

—The last "Celebrity at Home" in the London *World* is Professor Jowett, Master of Baliol College at Oxford, and the sketch is quite interesting, as may be inferred from a single extract: "The Master of Baliol's Sunday dinner parties are famous far beyond the college precincts. Either round the dinner table, or else in the drawing-room when dinner is done, all that is most notable in Oxford society is asked to meet the eminent strangers from town. 'George Eliot,' Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Matthew Arnold, are some of the more distinguished of the company visible on such occasions. Nor is it the aristocracy of intellect which is alone represented. Men and women illustrious for their station as well as for their achievements are there—men born to large estates and influence, hereditary senators whose titles signalize them as the lords of parties; women brilliant in the world of fashion. Mixed with these are youthful students whom Mr. Jowett is desirous to encourage or exhibit, rising dons, possible professors of the future. It is a company more noticeable than any other which could be found out of London, and which could be found out of London only in the house of the Master of Baliol at Oxford. The study-library is a spacious apartment covered with book-shelves. The tables are strewn with papers and Greek texts. There are a few pictures on the wall, whose subjects are religious rather than classical. Above the mantel-piece is suspended a superb photograph of the 'Last Supper,' and the line engravings are copies of Raphael's cartoons. Mr. Jowett may be said to create his own secretaries. The youth whom he at present employs in that capacity is the son of his butler, Knight; his predecessor was the son of the college porter. Both were educated to such a pitch by the Regius Professor of Greek that they were able to attend his lectures on Thucydides."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A local war has broken out in the extreme northwestern corner of Texas, between the American and Mexican residents of El Paso County, who have long quarrelled for the possession of the salt lagoons and springs of that locality. The Americans claim the ownership, and attempted to levy toll on the salt taken by the Mexicans. On December 14 a collision took place between the State troops and the Mexican rabble, at San Elizario, the county seat, and fighting continued until the 17th, when the soldiers were obliged to surrender, their ammunition having been exhausted. After the surrender Judge Howard, the agent of the salt mines, and two of the Rangers, were condemned to death and shot by the mob. The Governor of Texas called upon the President for help, and United States troops were at once ordered to the scene of the disturbance. Meanwhile the mob had dispersed. The officer commanding the Texan troops says that 150 of the force to which he surrendered were Mexican citizens from Mexico.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned, December 15, till January 10. Ex-Governor R. C. M'Cormick was confirmed as Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition.

A terrible calamity occurred in the lower part of this city on the evening of December 20. A boiler underneath the sidewalk of Greenfield & Sons' confectionery establishment, at No. 63 Barclay Street, exploded, wrecking the building and setting it on fire. Thirty persons were injured, and many are supposed to have been buried in the ruins. The flames spread quickly, and before they could be extinguished, five buildings were destroyed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

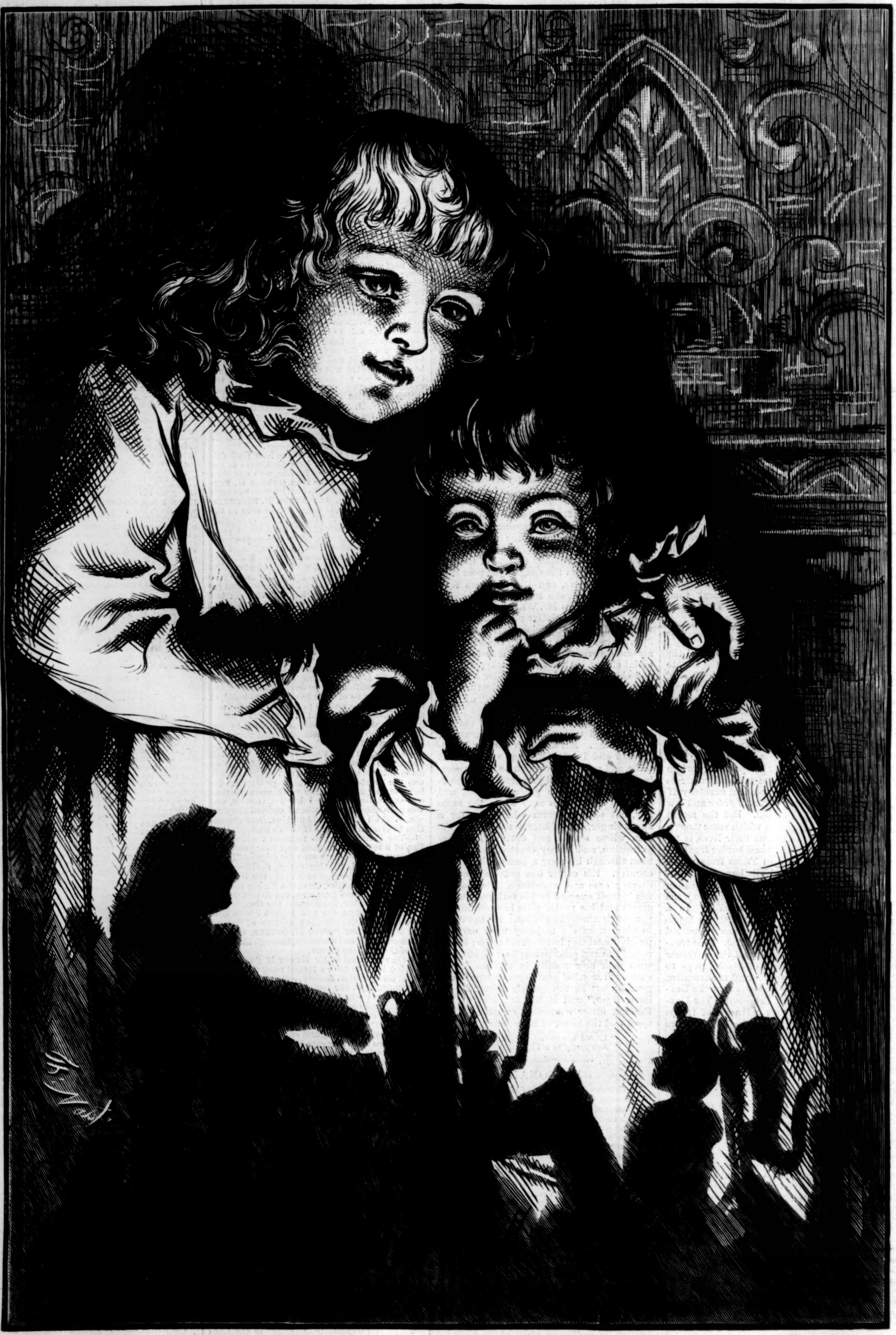
The Eastern War.—Immediately after the fall of Plevna the Porte dispatched a circular note to the signatory powers of the treaty of 1871, in the following terms: "The Imperial Government is conscious of having done nothing to provoke the war; it has done every thing to avoid it, and has vainly sought to discover Russia's motives in her aggressive campaign. The Porte has shown a desire for improvement by re-organizing the judicial system, and devising reforms without distinction of race or religion, according to the Constitution, which has every where been well received. Partial reform is of no avail. The adoption of improvements in one part of the empire only would be a premium to other communities to revolt. Any doubt as to the execution of these reforms should disappear before the solemn declarations the Porte now makes. A state of war simply retards such reforms, and is disastrous to the country generally, destroying agricultural interests, killing industry, and ruining financial re-organizations. Independently of these arrangements for reform, what reason can there be for continuing the war? Russia has declared that she is not animated by a spirit of conquest. The military honor of both sides must be abundantly satisfied. What object can there be in prolonging a contest ruinous to both countries? The moment has arrived for the belligerent powers to accept peace without affecting their dignity. Europe might now usefully interpose her good offices, since the Porte is ready to come to terms. The country is not at the end of its resources, and is still prepared to fight in its own defense. It is ready, moreover, to sacrifice all for the independence and integrity of the father-land; but the Porte is desirous to stop the further effusion of blood, and therefore appeals to the feelings of justice which must animate the great powers, hoping that they will receive these overtures favorably."—The Russians are every where active. In Armenia two divisions are moving to cut the Turkish communications with Trebizond and attack Erzerum from the north. On the 14th ult., the Turks having burned Elena, the Russians re-occupied it, and, on the 16th, pushed on ten miles beyond to Bebrova.—The Servians crossed the Turkish frontier at Pirot, December 16, and marched on Kossova. On the 19th, they occupied Fort Inramor, near Nisch, and also Prokopolje. Prince Milan's proclamation, issued at Belgrade, December 15, recounted the Turkish atrocities and violations of faith since the treaty of peace made in February last, and called on the army to move forward in the name of Servian independence.—General Todleben has been appointed commander of the Army of Rustchuk, with Prince Imeritinsky as his chief of staff.—The Russians officially report the captures made by them during the war, and including the Plevna surrender, as follows: cannon, 704; pashas, 29; officers and men, 73,128.—Russia has ordered 60,000 fresh troops to be mobilized immediately. New battalions are constantly crossing the Danube.

The British Parliament has been summoned to meet on the 17th inst., and it is reported that the cabinet has decided to ask for a grant of money for such an increase of the army as the present state of Europe demands. A Northamptonshire member of Parliament telegraphs to the *Western Morning News*, a daily journal printed at Plymouth, that the government is inviting contracts in Northampton for the prompt supply of 300,000 boots and shoes. This is the largest order known since the Crimean war.

The French Chamber of Deputies, December 15, and the Senate, on the 18th, voted the four direct taxes, and two-twelfths of the budget. The Minister of the Interior has removed the restrictions upon the hawking of newspapers. In the Chamber of Deputies, on the 18th, M. Dufaure presented a bill abrogating the law on press offenses. Eighty-five prefectoral changes have been gazetted.

The Italian ministry resigned, December 15, owing to its defeat in committee on a question of electoral reform.

Ten persons were killed by the fall of the gable of Milne's Hotel, Edinburgh, December 20.



A CHRISTMAS SKETCH—"FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

III.

THE ST. ANTOINE BARRICADE.

This is what had happened:

During that same night, and as early as four o'clock in the morning, De Flotte was in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was anxious, in case any movement took place before daylight, that a Representative of the People should be present, and he was one of those who, when the glorious insurrection of Right should burst forth, wished to unearth the paving-stones for the first barricade.

But nothing was stirring. De Flotte, alone in the midst of this deserted and sleeping Faubourg, wandered from street to street throughout the night.

Day breaks late in December. Before the first streaks of dawn De Flotte was at the rendezvous opposite the Lenoir Market.

This spot was only weakly guarded. The only troops in the neighborhood were the post itself of the Lenoir Market and another post, at a short distance, which occupied the guard-house at the corner of the Faubourg and the Rue de Montreuil, close to the old Tree of Liberty planted in 1793 by Santerre. Neither of these posts was commanded by officers.

De Flotte reconnoitred the position. He walked some time up and down the pavement, and then, seeing no one coming as yet, and fearing to excite attention, he went away, and returned to the side streets of the Faubourg.

For his part, Aubry (du Nord) got up at five o'clock. Having gone home in the middle of the night, on his return from the Rue Popincourt, he had only taken three hours' rest. His porter told him that some suspicious persons had inquired for him during the evening of the 2d, and that they had been to the house opposite, No. 12 of the same street (Rue Racine), to arrest Huguenin. This determined Aubry to leave his house before daylight.

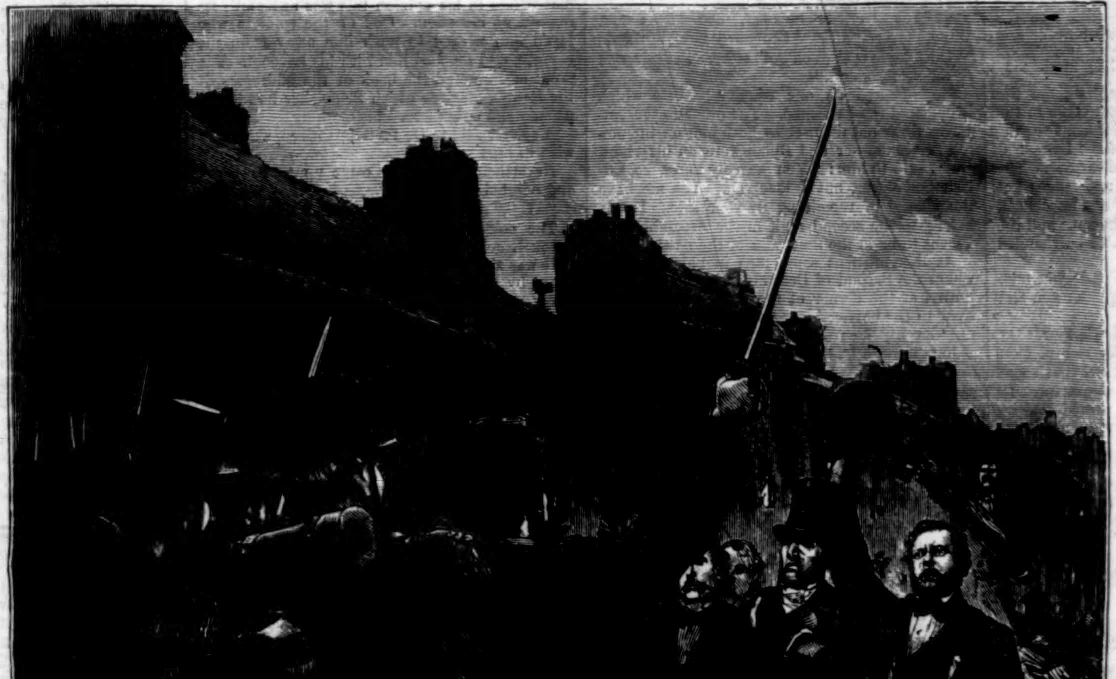
He walked to the Faubourg St. Antoine. As he reached the place of rendezvous, he met Cournet and the others from the Rue Popincourt. They were almost immediately joined by Malardier.

It was dawn. The Faubourg was solitary. They walked along wrapped in thought, and speaking in a low voice. Suddenly an impetuous and singular procession passed them.

They looked round. It was a detachment of Lancers which surrounded something which in the dim light they recognized to be a police van. The vehicle rolled noiselessly along the macadamized road.

They were debating what this could mean, when a second and similar group appeared, then a third, and then a fourth. Ten police vans passed in this manner, following each other very closely, and almost touching.

"Those are our colleagues!" exclaimed Aubry (du Nord).



THE ST. ANTOINE BARRICADE.

"'Fix bayonets!' said the captain. And turning toward the squads, 'Charge!' 'Vive la République!' cried the Representatives."

In truth, the last batch of the Representatives, prisoners of the Quai d'Orsay, the batch destined for Vincennes, was passing through the Faubourg. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Some shops were being opened, and were lighted inside, and a few passers-by came out of the houses.

Three carriages defiled one after the other, closed, guarded, dreary, dumb; no voice came out, no cry, no whisper. They were hurrying off, in the midst of swords, of sabres, and of lances, with the rapidity and fury of the whirlwind, something which kept silence; and that something which they were carrying off, and which maintained this sinister silence, was the broken Tribune, the Sovereignty of the Assemblies, the supreme initiative whence all civilization is derived; it was the word which contains the future of the world; it was the speech of France!

A last carriage arrived, which by some chance had been delayed. It was about two or three hundred yards behind the principal convoy, and was only escorted by three Lancers. It was not a police van; it was an omnibus, the only one in the convoy. Behind the conductor, who was a police agent, there could distinctly be seen the Representatives heaped up in the interior. It seemed easy to rescue them.

Cournet appealed to the passers-by. "Citizens," he cried, "these are your Representatives, who are being carried off! You have just seen them pass in the vans of convicts. Bonaparte arrests them contrary to every law. Let us rescue them! To arms!"

A knot formed of men in blouses and of workmen going to work. A shout came from the knot, "Long live the Republic!" and some men rushed toward the vehicle. The carriage and the Lancers broke into a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" repeated the men of the people.

There was a moment of impulse. Who knows what might have happened? It would have been a singular accident if the first barricade against the *Coup d'Etat* had been made with this omnibus, which, after having aided in crime, would thus have aided in the punishment. But at the moment when the people threw themselves on the vehicle, they saw several of the Representative prisoners which it contained sign to them with both hands to refrain. "Eh!" said a workman, "they do not wish it."

A second repeated: "They do not wish for liberty."

Another added: "They did not wish us to have it; they do not wish it for themselves."

All was said, and the omnibus was allowed to pass on. A moment afterward the rear-guard of the escort came up and passed by at a sharp trot, and the group which surrounded Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, and Cournet dispersed.

The Café Roysin had just opened. It may be remembered that the large hall of this *café* had served for the meeting of a famous club in 1848. It was there, it may also be remembered, that the rendezvous had been settled.

The Café Roysin is entered by a passage opening out upon the street, a lobby of some yards in length is next crossed, and then comes a large hall, with high windows, and looking-glasses on the walls, containing in the centre several billiard tables, some small marble-topped tables, chairs, and velvet-covered benches. It was this hall—badly arranged, however, for a meeting where we could have deliberated—which had been the hall of the Roysin Club. Cournet, Aubry, and Malardier installed themselves there. On entering they did not disguise who they were; they were welcomed, and shown an exit through the garden in case of necessity.

De Flotte had just joined them.

Eight o'clock was striking when the Representatives began to arrive. Bruckner, Maigne, and Brillier first, and then successively Charamaule, Cassal, Dulac, Bourzat, Madier de Montjau, and Baudin. Bourzat, on account of the mud, as was his custom, wore wooden shoes. Whoever thought Bourzat a peasant would be mistaken. He rather resembled a Benedictine monk. Bourzat, with his Southern imagination, his quick intelligence, keen, lettered, refined, possesses an encyclopedia in his head, and wooden shoes on his feet. Why not? He is Mind and People. The ex-Constituent Bastide came in with Madier de Montjau. Baudin shook the hands of all with warmth, but he did not speak. He was pensive. "What is the matter with you, Baudin?" asked Aubry (du Nord). "Are you mournful?" "I?" said Baudin, raising his head; "I have never been more happy."

Did he feel himself already chosen? When we are so near death, all radiant with glory, which smiles upon us through the gloom, perhaps we are conscious of it.

A certain number of men, strangers to the Assembly, all as determined as the Representatives themselves, accompanied them and surrounded them.

Cournet was the leader. Among them there were workmen, but no blouses. In order not to alarm the middle classes, the workmen had been requested, notably those employed by Derosne and Cail, to come in coats.

Baudin had with him a copy of the Proclamation which I had dictated to him on the previous day. Cournet unfolded it and read it. "Let us at once post it up in the Faubourg," said he. "The people must know that Louis Bonaparte is outlawed." A lithographic workman who was there offered to print it without delay. All the Representatives present signed it, and they added my name to their signatures. Aubry (du Nord) headed it with these words, "National Assembly." The workman carried off the Proclamation, and kept his word. Some hours afterward Aubry (du Nord), and later on a friend of Cournet's, named Gay, met him in the Faubourg du Temple, paste-pot in hand, posting the Proclamation at every street corner, even next to the Maupas placard which threatened the penalty of death to any one who should be found posting an appeal to arms. Groups read the two bills at the same time. We may mention an incident which ought to be noted—a sergeant of the line, in uniform, in red trowsers, accompanied him and protected him. He was doubtless a soldier who had lately left the service.

The time fixed on the preceding evening for the general rendezvous was from nine to ten in the morning. This hour had been chosen so that there should be time to give notice to all the members of the Left; it was expedient to wait until the Representatives should arrive, so that the group should the more resemble an Assembly, and that its manifestations should have more authority on the Faubourg.

Several of the Representatives who had already arrived had no sash of office. Some were made hastily in a neighboring house with strips of red, white, and blue calico, and were brought to them. Baudin and De Flotte were among those who girded on these improvised sashes.

Meanwhile it was not yet nine o'clock, when impatience already began to be manifested around them.*

Many shared this glorious impatience.

Baudin wished to wait.

"Do not anticipate the hour," said he; "let us allow our colleagues time to arrive."

But they murmured round Baudin, "No; begin; give the signal; go outside. The Faubourg only waits to see your sashes to rise. You are few in number, but they know that your friends will rejoin you. That is sufficient. Begin."

The result proved that this undue haste could only produce a failure. Meanwhile they considered that the first example which the Representatives of the People ought to set was personal courage. The spark must not be allowed to die out. To march the first, to march at the head, such was their duty. The semblance of any hesitation would have been in truth more disastrous than any degree of rashness.

Schœlcher is of a heroic nature; he has the grand impatience of danger.

"Let us go," he cried; "our friends will join us. Let us go outside."

They had no arms.

"Let us disarm the post which is over there," said Schœlcher.

They left the Salle Roysin in order, two by two, arm in arm. Fifteen or twenty men of the people escorted them. They went before them, crying, "Long live the Republic! To arms!"

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* "There was also some misunderstanding respecting the appointed time. Some made a mistake, and thought it was nine o'clock. The first arrivals impatiently awaited their colleagues. They were, as we have said, some twelve or fifteen in number at half past eight. 'Time is being lost,' exclaimed one of them who had hardly entered; 'let us gird on our sashes; let us show the Representatives to the People; let us join it in raising barricades. We shall, perhaps, save the country; at all events, we shall save the honor of our party. Come, let us to the barricades!' This advice was immediately and unanimously acclaimed: one alone, Citizen Baudin, interposed the forcible objection, 'We are not sufficiently numerous to adopt such a resolution.' But he spiritedly joined in the general enthusiasm, and with a calm conscience, after having reserved the principle, he was not the last to gird on his sash."—Schœlcher, *Histoire des Crimes du 2 Décembre*, p. 130-151.

Some children preceded and followed them, shouting, "Long live the Mountain!"

The entrances of the closed shops were half opened. A few men appeared at the doors, a few women showed themselves at the windows. Knots of workmen going to their work watched them pass. They cried, "Long live our Representatives! Long live the Republic!"

Sympathy was every where, but insurrection nowhere. The procession gathered few adherents on the way.

A man who was leading a saddled horse joined them. They did not know this man, nor whence this horse came. This seemed as if the man offered his services to any one who wished to fly. Representative Dulac ordered this man to be off.

In this manner they reached the guard-house of the Rue de Montreuil. At their approach the sentry gave the alarm, and the soldiers came out of the guard-house in disorder.

Schœlcher, calm, impassive, in ruffles and a white tie, clothed, as usual, in black, buttoned to the neck in his tight frock-coat, with the intrepid and brotherly air of a Quaker, walked straight up to them.

"Comrades," he said to them, "we are the Representatives of the People, and come in the name of the People to demand your arms for the defense of the Constitution and of the Laws."

The post allowed itself to be disarmed. The sergeant alone made any show of resistance; but they said to him, "You are alone," and he yielded. The Representatives distributed the guns and the cartridges to the resolute band which surrounded them.

Some soldiers exclaimed: "Why do you take away our muskets? We would fight for you and with you!"

The Representatives consulted whether they should accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so. But one of them remarked that some Mobile Guards had made the same overtures to the insurgents of June, and had turned against the Insurrection the arms which the Insurrection had left them.

The muskets therefore were not restored.

The disarming having been accomplished, the muskets were counted; there were fifteen of them.

"We are a hundred and fifty," said Cournet; "we have not enough muskets."

"Well, then," said Schœlcher, "where is there a post?"

"At the Lenoir Market."

"Let us disarm it."

With Schœlcher at their head, and escorted by fifteen armed men, the Representatives proceeded to the Lenoir Market. The post of the Lenoir Market allowed themselves to be disarmed even more willingly than the post in the Rue de Montreuil. The soldiers turned themselves round so that the cartridges might be taken from their pouches.

The muskets were immediately loaded.

"Now," exclaimed De Flotte, "we have thirty guns; let us look for a street corner, and raise a barricade."

There were at that time about two hundred combatants.

They went up the Rue de Montreuil. After some fifty steps Schœlcher said: "Where are we going? We are turning our backs on the Bastille. We are turning our backs upon the conflict."

They returned toward the Faubourg.

They shouted, "To arms!" They were answered by, "Long live our Representatives!" But only a few young men joined them. It was evident that the breeze of insurrection was not blowing.

"Never mind," said De Flotte, "let us begin the battle. Let us achieve the glory of being the first killed."

As they reached the point where the streets St. Marguerite and De Cotte open out and divide the Faubourg, a peasant's cart laden with dung entered the Rue St. Marguerite.

"Here," exclaimed De Flotte.

They stopped the dung cart, and overturned it in the middle of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

A milk-woman came up.

They overturned the milk cart.

A baker was passing in his bread cart. He saw what was being done, attempted to escape, and urged his horse to a gallop. Two or three street Arabs—those children of Paris, brave as lions and agile as cats—sped after the baker, ran past his horse, which was still galloping, stopped it, and brought back the cart to the barricade which had been begun.

They overturned the bread cart.

An omnibus came up on the road from the Bastille.

"Very well," said the conductor; "I see what is going on."

He descended with a good grace, and told his passengers to get down, while the coachman unharnessed his horses and went away shaking his cloak.

They overturned the omnibus.

The four vehicles placed end to end barely barred the street of the Faubourg, which in this part is very wide. While putting them in line the men of the barricade said,

"Let us not injure the carts more than we can help."

This formed an indifferent barricade, very low, too short, and which left the pavements free on either side.

At this moment a staff officer passed by, followed by an orderly, saw the barricade, and fled at a gallop.

Schœlcher calmly inspected the overturned vehicles. When he reached the peasant's cart, which made a higher heap than the others, he said, "That is the only good one."

The barricade grew larger. They threw a few empty baskets upon it, which made it thicker and higher without strengthening it.

They were still working when a child came up to them, shouting, "The soldiers!"

In truth, two companies arrived from the Bastille, at the double, through the Faubourg, told off in squads at short distances apart, and barring the whole of the street.

The doors and the windows were hastily closed.

During this time, at a corner of the barricade, Bastide, impassive, was gravely telling a story to Madier de Montjau. "Madier," said he, "nearly two hundred years ago the Prince de Condé, ready to give battle in this very Faubourg St. Antoine, where we now are, asked an officer who was accompanying him, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?' 'No, Sire.' 'Well, then, you will see one now.' Madier, I tell you to-day you will speedily see a barricade taken."

In the mean while those who were armed had assumed their places for the conflict behind the barricade.

The critical moment drew nigh.

"Citizens," cried Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot. When the Army and the Faubourgs fight, the blood of the People is shed on both sides. Let us speak to the soldiers first."

He mounted on one of the baskets which heightened the barricade. The other Representatives arranged themselves near him on the omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right. Dulac said to him: "You scarcely know me, Citizen Schœlcher, but I love you. Let me have the charge of remaining by your side. I only belong to the second rank in the Assembly, but I want to be in the first rank of the battle."

At this moment some men in blouses, those whom the Second of December had enlisted, appeared at the corner of the Rue St. Marguerite, close to the barricade, and shouted, "Down with the 'Twenty-five francs!'"

Baudin, who had already selected his post for the combat, and who was standing on the barricade, looked fixedly at these men, and said to them:

"You shall see how one can die for 'twenty-five francs!'"

There was a noise in the street. Some few doors which had remained half opened were closed. The two attacking columns had arrived in sight of the barricade. Farther on could be seen confusedly other lines of bayonets. They were those which had barred my passage.

Schœlcher, raising his arm with authority, signed to the captain who commanded the first squad to halt.

The captain made a negative sign with his sword. The whole of the Second of December was in these two gestures. The Law said, "Halt!" The Sabre answered, "No!"....

The two companies continued to advance, but slowly, and keeping at the same distance from each other.

Schœlcher came down from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

Then was seen a grand spectacle.

Seven Representatives of the People, armed only with their sashes, that is to say, majestically clothed with Law and Right, advanced in the street beyond the barricade, and marched straight to the soldiers, who awaited them with their guns pointed at them.

The other Representatives who had remained at the barricade made their last preparations for resistance. The combatants maintained an intrepid bearing. The Naval Lieutenant Cournet towered above them all with his tall stature. Baudin, still standing on the overturned omnibus, leaned half over the barricade.

On seeing the Representatives approach, the soldiers and their officers were for the moment bewildered. Meanwhile the captain signed to the Representatives to stop.

They stopped, and Schœlcher said, in an impressive voice:

"Soldiers! we are the Representatives of the Sovereign People, we are your Representatives, we are the Elect of Universal Suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of Universal Suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we, who are the National Assembly, we, who are the Law, order you to join us, we summon you to obey. We ourselves are your leaders. The Army belongs to the People, and the Representatives of the People are the Chiefs of the Army. Soldiers! Louis Bonaparte violates the Constitution; we have outlawed him; obey us."

The officer who was in command, a captain named Petit, did not allow him to finish.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have my orders. I belong to the People. I am a Republican as you are, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution?" said Schœlcher.

"I only know my instructions."

"There is an instruction above all other instructions," continued Schœlcher, "obligatory upon the Soldier as upon the Citizen—the Law."

He turned again toward the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain cried out to him:

"Not another word! You shall not go on! If you add one word I shall give the order to fire."

"What does that matter to us?" said Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer arrived on horseback. It was the major of the regiment. He whispered for a moment to the captain.

"Gentlemen! Representatives!" continued the captain, waving his sword, "withdraw, or I shall fire."

"Fire!" shouted De Flotte.

The Representatives—strange and heroic copy of Fontenoy—took off their hats, and faced the muskets.

Schœlcher alone kept his hat on his head, and waited with his arms crossed.

"Fix bayonets," said the captain. And turning toward the squads, "Charge!"

"Vive la République!" cried out the Representatives.

The bayonets were lowered, the companies moved forward, the soldiers came on at the double upon the motionless Representatives.

It was a terrible and superb moment.

The seven Representatives saw the bayonets at their breasts without a word, without a gesture, without one step backward. But the hesitation which was not in their soul was in the heart of the soldiers.

The soldiers felt distinctly that this was a double stain upon their uniform—the outrage upon the Representatives of the People, which was treason, and the slaughter of unarmed men, which was cowardice. Now treason and cowardice are two epaulets to which a general sometimes becomes reconciled, the soldier—never.

When the bayonets were so close to the Representatives that they touched their breasts, they turned aside of their own accord, and the soldiers by a unanimous movement passed between the Representatives without doing them any harm. Schœlcher alone had his coat pierced in two places, and in his opinion this was awkwardness instead of intention. One of the soldiers who faced him wished to push him away from the captain, and touched him with his bayonet. The point encountered the book of the addresses of the Representatives which Schœlcher had in his pocket, and only pierced his clothing.

A soldier said to De Flotte, "Citizen, we do not wish to hurt you."

Nevertheless, a soldier came up to Bruckner and pointed his gun at him.

"Well," said Bruckner, "fire."

The soldier, touched, lowered his arm, and shook Bruckner's hand.

It was singular that, notwithstanding the order given by the officers, the two companies successively came up to the Representatives, charged with the bayonet, and turned aside. Instructions may order, but instinct prevails; instructions may be crime, but instinct is honor. Major P—— said afterward, "They had told us that we should have to deal with brigands; we had to deal with heroes."

Meanwhile those on the barricade were growing uneasy, and seeing their colleagues surrounded, and wishing to succor them, they fired a musket shot. This unfortunate shot killed a soldier between De Flotte and Schœlcher.

The officer who commanded the second attacking squad passed close to Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed out the fallen man to the officer, and said to him, "Lieutenant, look!"

The officer answered by a gesture of despair.

"What would you have us do?"

The two companies replied to the shot by a general volley, and rushed to the assault of the barricade, leaving behind them the seven Representatives astounded at being still alive.

The barricade replied by a volley, but it could not hold out. It was carried.

Baudin was killed.

He had remained standing in his position on the omnibus. Three balls reached him. One struck him in the right eye and penetrated into the brain. He fell. He never regained consciousness. Half an hour afterward he was dead. His body was taken to the St. Marguerite Hospital.

Bourzat, who was close to Baudin, with Aubry (du Nord), had his coat pierced by a ball.

We must again remark a curious incident—the soldiers made no prisoner on this barricade. Those who defended it dispersed through the streets of the Faubourg, or took refuge in the neighboring houses. Representative Maigne, pushed by some affrighted women behind a door, was shut in with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment afterward the soldier and the Representative went out together. The Representatives could freely leave this first field of battle.

At this solemn moment of the struggle a last glimmer of Justice and of Right still flickered, and military honesty recoiled with a sort of dread anxiety before the outrage upon which they were entering. There is the intoxication of good, and there is an intoxication of evil: this intoxication later on drowned the conscience of the Army.

The French Army is not made to commit crimes. When the struggle became prolonged, and ferocious orders of the day had to be executed, the soldiers must have been maddened. They obeyed not coldly, which would have been monstrous, but with anger, and this History will invoke as their excuse; and with many, perhaps, despair was at the root of their anger.

The fallen soldier had remained on the ground. It was Schœlcher who raised him. A few women, weeping, but brave, came out of a house. Some soldiers came up. They carried him, Schœlcher holding his head, first to a fruiterer's shop, then to the St. Marguerite Hospital, where they had already taken Baudin.

He was a conscript. The ball had entered his side. Through his gray overcoat, buttoned to the collar, could be seen a hole stained with blood. His head had sunk on his shoulder; his pale countenance, encircled by the chin-strap of his shako, had no longer any expression; the blood oozed out of his mouth. He seemed barely eighteen years old. Already a soldier and still a boy. He was dead.

This poor soldier was the first victim of the *Coup d'État;* Baudin was the second.

Before being a Republican, Baudin had been a tutor. He came from that intelligent and brave race of school-masters, ever persecuted, who have fallen from the Guizot Law into the Falloux Law, and from the Falloux Law into the Dupanloup Law. The crime of the school-master is to hold a book open; that suffices, the Church condemns him. There is now, in France, in each village, a lighted torch—the school-master—and a mouth which blows upon it—the curé. The school-masters of France, who knew how to die of hunger for Truth and for Science, were worthy that one of their race should be killed for Liberty.

The first time that I saw Baudin was at the Assembly on January 13, 1850. I wished to speak against the Law of Instruction. I had not put my name down; Baudin's name stood second. He offered me his turn. I accepted, and I was able to speak two days afterward, on the 15th.

Baudin was one of the targets of Sieur Dupin, for calls to order and official annoyances. He shared this honor with the Representatives Miot and Valentin.

Baudin ascended the tribune several times. His mode of speaking, outwardly hesitating, was energetic in the main. He sat on the crest of the Mountain. He had a firm spirit and timid manners. Thence there was in his constitution an indescribable embarrassment, mingled with decision. He was a man of middle height. His face ruddy and full, his broad chest, his wide shoulders, announced the robust man, the laborer-school-master, the peasant-thinker. In this he resembled Bourzat. Baudin leaned his head on his shoulder, listened with intelligence, and spoke with a gentle and grave voice. He had the melancholy air and the bitter smile of the doomed.

"On the evening of the Second of December I had asked him, "How old are you?" He had answered me, "Not quite thirty-three years."

"And you?" said he.

"Forty-nine."

And he replied:

"To-day we are of the same age."

He thought in truth of that to-morrow which awaited us, and in which was hidden that "perhaps" which is the great leveler.

The first shots had been fired, a Representative had fallen, and the people did not rise! What bandage had they on their eyes, what weight had they on their hearts? Alas! the gloom which Louis Bonaparte had known how to cast over his crime, far from lifting, grew denser. For the first time in the sixty years that the Providential era of Revolutions had been open, Paris, the city of intelligence, seemed not to understand!

On leaving the barricade of the Rue St. Marguerite, De Flotte went to the Faubourg St. Marceau, Madier de Montjau went to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne proceeded to the Boulevards. Schœlcher, Dulac, Malardier, and Brillier again went up the Faubourg St. Antoine by the side streets which the soldiers had not yet occupied. They shouted, "Vive la République!" They harangued the people on the door-steps—"Is it the Empire that you want?" exclaimed Schœlcher. They even went as far as to sing the "Marseillaise." People took off their hats as they passed, and shouted, "Long live the Representatives!" But that was all.

They were thirsty and weary. In the Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a door with a bottle in his hand, and offered them drink.

Sartin joined them on the way. In the Rue de Charonne they entered the meeting-place of the Association of Cabinet-makers, hoping to find there the committee of the association in session. There was no one there. But nothing discouraged them.

As they reached the Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher, "I will ask permission to leave you for an hour or two, for this reason: I am alone in Paris with my little daughter, who is seven years old. For the past week she has had scarlet fever. Yesterday, when the *Coup d'État* burst forth, she was at death's door. I have no one but this child in the world. I left her this morning to come with you, and she said to me, 'Papa, where are you going?' As I am not killed, I will go and see if she is not dead."

Two hours afterward the child was still living, and we were holding a permanent sitting at No. 15 Rue Richelieu, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel de Bourges, and myself, when Dulac entered, and said to us, "I have come to place myself at your disposal."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE TURKS.

The Turk, who has so long ruled over some of the richest lands of Europe as a small but powerful caste in the midst of a subject people, seems about to be reduced to a less inappropriate station, and may take his place, if he desires it, upon an equal footing with the Christian population. Heretofore he has governed with a kind of contemptuous tyranny the inferior races. He has sometimes robbed, maltreated, reviled them. "A dog of a Christian," "a dog of a Jew," are the common epithets he bestows upon his slaves; every Turk goes armed in the provinces—the true mark, **Thucydides** tells us, of barbarism; he murders, and no one dares appear as a witness against him; he was accustomed to plunder the rich Bulgarians, and they never ventured to complain; he walked among his subject people a feudal lord, and despised their feeble remonstrances against wrong. When they submit without complaint, he is often a tolerant master: he allows the Christian his church, the Jew his synagogue; he was sometimes lenient even in collecting taxes; the Bulgarians grew rich in their fertile land in spite of the Turkish rule, and held their precarious possessions in the midst of peril. But all the vices of a ruling caste have ever followed the government of the Turk. Human life has never been safe; murder has ruled in the land; ignorance and crime have multiplied; the commonest conveniences of civilization are unknown; fraud, poverty, deceit, flourish under tyranny; the ruling caste has remained cruel and unscrupulous, because those are the necessary traits of every ruling caste; the subject people have sunk into mean submission, and learned to live the lives of slaves.

Recently the Turks have been subjected to the careful scrutiny of some of the most candid European thinkers, and the result of this almost unprecedented study of their national character is the conviction that they are altogether unfit to govern others—scarcely, perhaps, themselves. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Freeman, and the brilliant correspondent Mr. Forbes, unite in their portraits of this ruling race, and convict it of hopeless barbarity. Nor could it well be otherwise. The Turks are a part of that Asiatic host of nomads who in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries covered the world with slaughter, and had nearly reduced Europe and Asia to a common and utter desolation. Nothing in history approaches the awful cruelty of these invading hosts. The Goths were merciful, the Huns tolerant, compared to the universal massacres, the nameless horrors, of the Tartar raid. Mounted on their fleet horses, homeless, and without a name, the followers of Gengis-Khan carried on a general war with the human race from Pekin to Delhi, from Nankin to the fastnesses of Hungary. Nothing could resist them. Europeans, Germans, Hungarians, the immense swarms of China and Hindostan, melted before them in cowardly flight. Every city they razed to the ground. Every man, woman, and child they slaughtered with horrible atrocities. A fearful silence reigned from Pekin to the borders of Germany. It was the aim of the nomad to exterminate all who opposed him. At Kief, the Russian metropolis, the prince, his mother, wife, sons, the nobles, the people, were slaughtered together, the city destroyed, and for three centuries what had once been a flourishing capital lay almost a desolate waste. In their rage the Tartars dug up the dead from the cemeteries to hack them in pieces. They impaled, they snatched the infant from the mother's breast to throw it in the fire. A universal awe followed them. A single nomad entered an Indian village and killed all its inhabitants. No one resisted him. In fair and feeble China, teeming with a vast population, with the fine results of an ancient civilization, the invaders inflicted their worst cruelties, almost in vain, and were soon lost amidst its boundless vitality. Yet their recent annalist, Mr. Howarth, tells us that "in China and Tangut alone 18,470,000 human beings perished at the hands of Gengis and his followers." The estimate is no doubt not far from accuracy; and Asia may boast of having produced among its upland steppes the most remorseless and the most successful of conquerors.

Of these Eastern invaders the Tartars have vanished; the Turks alone remain. Both were wandering tribes from Central Asia, and shared in the same savage passions. And it is almost a renewal of the tale of Tartar barbarity that one reads in the earnest appeals of Mr. Gladstone or the animated pages of Mr. Forbes. The scale is smaller, the picture is the same. It is no longer a great capital of China or a Russian metropolis that is reduced to ashes, but the nomad wreaks his hate upon a Bulgarian village. He slaughters mothers, fathers, the fair maiden, the modest teacher; he robs the graves; he carries an infant on the point of his bayonet. It is quite probable that not all the Turks are capable of these crimes; it is quite certain that many of them have been subjected to a European training, and are to some degree softened and refined. But it is impossible not to discover even in the impartial narrative of Mr. Forbes the same nomad severity that awakened the humane and indignant labors of Mr. Gladstone. He has done a service to mankind in bringing into clear light this scene of tyranny. English reactionary politicians are at last learning that they can not violate the common laws of humanity or league themselves with murderers and outlaws without a general reprobation; that the common school, the printing-press, and the newspaper have made all the world akin; and that the murderer and the savage, wherever he hide, will at last be dragged out for punishment. No country, no alliance, will any longer shield him.

For the Turk himself the change will be, no doubt, a beneficial one, when he is reduced to obey the laws of advancing civilization; when he is no longer allowed to bear arms and ride, pistol in hand, like a tyrant among his subject Christians; when murder is suppressed in Bulgaria, and the common rules of humanity obeyed. The slow advance of the better elements of government is at least certain, and the victory of Russia, clouded as it is with so many shocking circumstances of death, of wounds, of misery, despair, will at least open the way to a better life to millions yet unborn. War is as yet often inevitable, and the sorrows of one generation may yield infinite blessings to its successors. Nor can any one deny the praise of valor and boundless self-sacrifice to the defeated Turks who have swarmed to the camps at Plevna or at Erzerum, without pay, clothing, and sometimes food, whose patient fatalism passes often for good-nature, and who die for their faith and their country without a murmur. It is said that the Russian ladies, as the Turkish captives came pouring through their towns and villages, patient, cheerful, resigned to every ill, have met them with gifts of food and clothing, kind words, and every soothing attention. Among these mild-looking prisoners was a pasha, who seems to have been marked by peculiar attractions. The ladies would have treated him with unusual kindness, would have invited him to their homes, offered him the consolations of friendly society, when they were told that he had been one of the worst authors of the recent massacres, that he had burned villages, slaughtered infants, and that the spirit of a fiend slept beneath his placid countenance.

It is satisfactory to find that the public conscience—the *conscientia humani generis* of Tacitus—has had sufficient strength to keep the war party in England from aiding the Turk, and has forbidden the less scrupulous English statesmen from committing the nation to the cause of the assassins and murderers of Bulgaria, that the ruffian and the robber may never again count upon the support of the British fleets and armies, and that what has sometimes happened in the past will happen no more. "We have to watch a large portion of his press and of his friends" (the Prime Minister's), says Mr. Gladstone, "who are laboring hard to drive the nation into war on the side of tyranny and wrong." This is the task to which this humane statesman declares he will devote his life, or what remains of it, and it is a happy omen for the general peace of the Anglo-Saxon family that higher principles than mere "British interests" are apparently to govern the conduct in future of its European source. It is, indeed, in a public conscience rather than in private interest that nations must look for their safest guide. All "policy" must yield to honesty. Nor will any politician or any party that offends this growing rule of humanity and common-sense retain any hold upon the support of an educated nation.

The Christmas bells chime over every Christian land, and one may hope that the reign of peace on earth may draw once more near. To the Turk it is not probable that any undue severity will be shown. Russia is not revengeful. The war was not one of aggression. An educated people is always tolerant to the vanquished foe. The voice of peace seems to sound over the ensanguined East, and the bitter rule of its tyrannical caste must at last be crushed forever.

Eugene Lawrence.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

[See Illustration on Page 13.]

I'm tired of hearing about "good-will,"
Of Christmas, and New-Year's Day;
I'm a prudent, careful man, yet still
For others' folly I pay.
It's been "give" for this, for that, and there,
And "giving," and "giving," every where.

There is Lazarus always at my gate,
For clothing or for rations:
"My brother," indeed! and if he were,
I don't know poor relations.
They say, "He is hungry, and must be fed:"
Let the proper quarters give him bread.

All the year round it is bad enough,
But it's worse at Christmas-tide;
Then, if a man is not stern and gruff,
He'll be robbed on every side,
For trees, and trash, and this and that feed,
That I'm very sure the poor don't need.

I pay my way, and I never crave
A favor from any man;
Yet every serving-lass and knave—
Maria, John, and Dan—
Has thought my pocket-book lawful prey,
Because, forsooth, it is Christmas-day!

'Tis true I have saved a million or so,
But I have myself to thank;
And if I gave like some men I know,
Where would I be with my bank?
It's nonsense, and idleness, every way,
This keeping of Christmas holiday.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY, 1878.

Sunday, 6.—Epiphany.
Sunday, 13.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 20.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Friday, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 27.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The year 1877 has been in the ecclesiastical world, if not a stormy, a very busy year. The movement represented by the now well-known evangelists has gone forward without pause. January found Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Chicago, from which city they proceeded to Boston in February. Their success in Boston was so decided that they remained there three months. The results were most satisfactory to Mr. Moody himself, and large numbers were added to the churches. Beginning with October, the evangelists gave a month each to the States of Vermont and New Hampshire, and in December opened services in Providence, Rhode Island. Early in the year Mr. E. P. Hammond held successful meetings in Syracuse, New York, Miss Smiley at St. Louis and Chicago, while the Rev. George F. Pentecost conducted a series of services at Bangor, Maine. The spirit of evangelism has carried some of the earnest preachers who have labored in this country to the other side of the world. Messrs. Varley and Somerville are in Australia; the Rev. George Müller, of Bristol, England, has visited the United States; while the Rev. William Taylor, a veteran in this species of work, has gone to Peru.

More than the usual number of important religious conventions were held during the year in the United States. The Presbyterian Assemblies, the Northern sitting in Chicago and the Southern in New Orleans, during May, did nothing seriously to disturb the fraternal relations established in 1876, although a demand came from the Southern body for a retraction of harsh language used during the war. The great charitable societies reported diminished receipts, and entered actively upon a policy of retrenchment and payment of debts. The meeting of the American Board at Providence was made memorable by the enthusiasm with which the entire indebtedness of $50,000 was liquidated. Important papers were presented to the Triennial Congregational Council, which met in Detroit October 17. Especially noteworthy were those of President Woolsey, on the "Bible in Public Schools," and Dr. H. M. Dexter, on the Congregational pastorate. The Council reviewed thoroughly the administration of the denominational societies, and made suggestions which have since led to important changes. The Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention, which opened in Boston October 3, was remarkable for the absence of party spirit in its proceedings. It established an important change by which the Convention is made the Board of Missions, adopted a new canon on divorce, and authorized the use of the English table of lessons. The Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church made its episcopacy itinerant, after the manner of that of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In England the conflict between the ritualists and their opponents has gone on actively during all the year. It has been a period of surprises to both parties. In January Mr. Tooth, vicar of Hatcham, was inhibited for ritualistic practices. Refusing to obey his bishop, appeal was made to Lord Penzance, the judge of the court established in 1874. Refusing still to yield, he was committed on January 22 to jail for contempt of court. Lawful services having been re-established in the Hatcham church, he was discharged from prison February 17. Encouraged by the success of the Rev. Mr. Dale, rector of St. Vedast's, London, in obtaining, on technical grounds, a reversal of the judgment against him, Mr. Tooth applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a revision of the proceedings had before Lord Penzance. Late in the year the court pronounced these proceedings technically defective, and discharged Mr. Tooth from all legal liability.

More success, however, was gained by the opposers of ritualism in the Folkestone case, decided by the Queen's Privy Council. But the greatest excitement of the year was created by the discovery in England of copies of the *Priest in Absolution*—a book exceedingly offensive to English feeling. The promoters of its circulation, known as the "Society of the Holy Cross," were universally denounced. Anti-confessional meetings were held, at which exciting speeches were delivered, and an anti-confessional memorial to the Queen received 200,000 signatures. The irritation and anger on both sides have of late subsided, but are likely to be re-awakened on the assembling of Parliament. The struggle of the Nonconformists for the free use of the parish church-yards has been carried almost to the point of final success. Lord Harrowby's amendment to the Duke of Richmond's bill, which concedes all they demand, was carried in the House of Lords by a vote of 127 to 111. The government, however, withdrew the bill, and has thereby succeeded in adjourning a decision.

Of great interest to the whole Protestant world was the assembling of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, July 2-9. This effort to attain for Protestants of the Reformed confessions a more perfect expression of their essential unity was attended with complete success. The question of the harmony of the Reformed confessions was made prominent, but was treated with caution. A committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Schaff is the convener, was appointed to ascertain what are the creeds of the Churches entering into the alliance, and to report at the next meeting of the Council in 1880. There has been exhibited in Scotland a disposition to cast aside the ancient Presbyterian confessions; particularly does this appear in the United Presbyterian Church. Among others, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Glasgow, has been put upon trial for his avowed rejection of the Westminster standards. In Ireland, the Synod of the Disestablished Church resolved that its revised prayer-book should come into use in June, 1878.

In Italy, the Papal Jubilee brought many thousand pilgrims to Rome during the months of May and June. The gifts to the Pope reached the unprecedented sum of $1,300,000. After the excitement of the occasion was past the health of Pius IX. visibly declined, and of late his death has been almost daily expected. The Clerical Abuses Bill, which was intended to punish the Catholic clergy for seditious language, whether spoken or printed, failed in the Italian Senate. In Prussia, the Falk laws have been applied with unrelenting severity. Most of the sees are without bishops, and many of the parishes without priests. In the German Old Catholic Synod the use of the vernacular language was authorized. The question of the celibacy of the priests was postponed for another year.

Among the dead of the year are to be found the names of Professor Tholuck, Professor Tayler Lewis, Dr. Muhlenberg, Archbishop Bayley, Dr. Selah B. Treat (long secretary of the American Board), Dr. Asa D. Smith, Paul P. Bliss, John Cardale (the head of the Irvingite Church), and Dr. John S. Hart.

The example of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of this city has been followed by the Church of the Holy Trinity (the Rev. Dr. Tyng, Jun.'s). Mr. Edward Kimball gave his co-operation, and on Sunday, December 9, the sum of $150,000 was pledged to the payment of the debt of $236,000. The congregation sat in the morning till 1 P.M., and after a short recess met again, and continued in session till 6 P.M.; met again in the early evening, and continued together till eleven o'clock. On the next evening another meeting was held, and $10,000 more was subscribed.

Mr. Moody will spend the month of January in Hartford, and March in New Haven.

At the anniversary of the Methodist Freedmen's Aid Society, held in Springfield, Massachusetts, December 10, the receipts for the year ending July 1, 1877, were reported to be $70,442; the disbursements reached the same sum total. The debt has been reduced $3000, and is now $15,000. This society has collected and disbursed in ten years $652,449. It maintains five colleges, three theological schools, one medical school, and twelve unchartered schools and academies. The students under its care number 3170. Of these 393 are Biblical, and 1065 normal.

Mr. Tooth's last appearance at St. James's Church, Hatcham, revived the old animosities which have so greatly disturbed his congregation. The edifice was restored to its former appearance; the furniture which had excited the ire of some of the parishioners had been replaced. About eight o'clock in the morning "a low celebration of the Holy Communion" took place. The persons present must have entered privately, for a crowd stood outside waiting for a door to be unlocked. Mr. Tooth retired after the celebration; and when at eleven o'clock the curate, the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, began the service, the crowd which now filled the building began to cough. As soon as the service was over there was a rush made at the gates of the chancel. "Several men," says an English paper, "came out of the vestry inside the chancel and seized the gates on that side. All this time there were loud shouting and sounds of various descriptions. A general and free fight ensued among the crowd collected between the altar and the north door, which was closed and bolted. This scene continued from three to five minutes. Ladies were begging for protection, men were standing on the seats, and the crush toward the chancel was becoming somewhat alarming." At this point the police interfered and cleared the church. This was a very theatrical exit for Mr. Tooth, though it was evidently not so designed.

The letter written by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins to the New York *Tribune*, in which it is claimed that the result of the proceedings of the late Protestant Episcopal Convention was a triumph for the ritualistic party, has elicited much comment from the press of that Church. The *Church Journal*, of this city, says: "We are not, it is clear, to have the peace so many wish for, unless we are prepared to announce to the country that, except in two dogmas, the Protestant Episcopal Church agrees with Rome, and, except in one practice, has no difference of consequence. Now there is certainly in this *some* course incumbent on Churchmen. They can accept the situation, and purchase peace at the price indicated. Peace is a very precious thing, and worth a great deal. Whether it is worth seeing the Church *reformed back four hundred years* is the question."

The question, "Who reads an American book" or paper? is likely to be answered by the English people, "We all do." The *Christian World* of London announces as one of the attractions for the coming year that its "family circle edition" will contain "the most attractive and interesting portion of the current religious literature of America. The Canadian Dominion and the United States are peculiarly rich in magazine and newspaper articles of a fresh and edifying sort, and steps are being taken to procure a large supply of these periodicals from which to select."

A memorial signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, many of the nobility, university professors, clergymen, and others has been presented to Lord Derby, asking for the ratification of the Chefoo convention with China. The third article of the convention provides for the deposit of opium imported from India in bond until sold. When sold, the importer will pay duty, and the buyer a local tax. The object of the article is to enable the government of China to check the importation of opium through local taxation. In an address delivered by Sir Edward Fry, who is thoroughly acquainted with East India, it was stated that 500,000 acres of land in British India and 500,000 in native India are devoted to the culture of the poppy. The usual annual export is 50,000 chests, from which the government revenue is £8,500,000. The culture is a government monopoly. Said the lecturer: "No opium in British India is grown except for the purposes of the government. We grow opium and deal in opium as a government. Suitable land is selected by the government officers; advances are made to the ryots to enable them to grow opium; it is removed from the land to factories under government, and sold to China merchants." The fear of diminishing the revenues of India has made Lord Derby hesitate to ratify this convention.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quitted it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens 'll never lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."

During the election for the representation of East Aberdeenshire one of the ministers in a rural parish, canvassing one day among his parishioners, came across one of them who was a stanch Liberal, and at once commenced sounding him on the subject. "I suppose they'll be all sound up this way, John?"—"I daur say they are." "Of course, John, you'll be going to vote for our side?" "That's my business." The minister, rather taken aback by this sharp answer, said, "Oh, I'm asking no questions." "I'm answering nane," was the dry answer.

A person once told Foote of an acquaintance of his who was so avaricious that he lamented the prospect of his own funeral expenses, yet had censured one of his relations for parsimony. "Now, is it not strange," said he, "that this man would not take the beam out of his own eye?"

What word is that of which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain?—Fall.

A lazy fellow, lying down on the grass, said, "Oh, how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid for!"

He was a tramp. As he watched the merchant pace his store with downcast eyes, he shook his head. "Poor fellow," said the tramp; "I feel for him. Note to pay, probably, and ten cents to do it with. Ah, gentlemen, fortune can not smile upon us all; but I tell you, it is a precious thing to know how you stand every Saturday night. Ah, yes," he said, with a sigh, "that poor fellow is doomed to bear burdens which we know nothing of."

Pressing Business.—Cider-making.

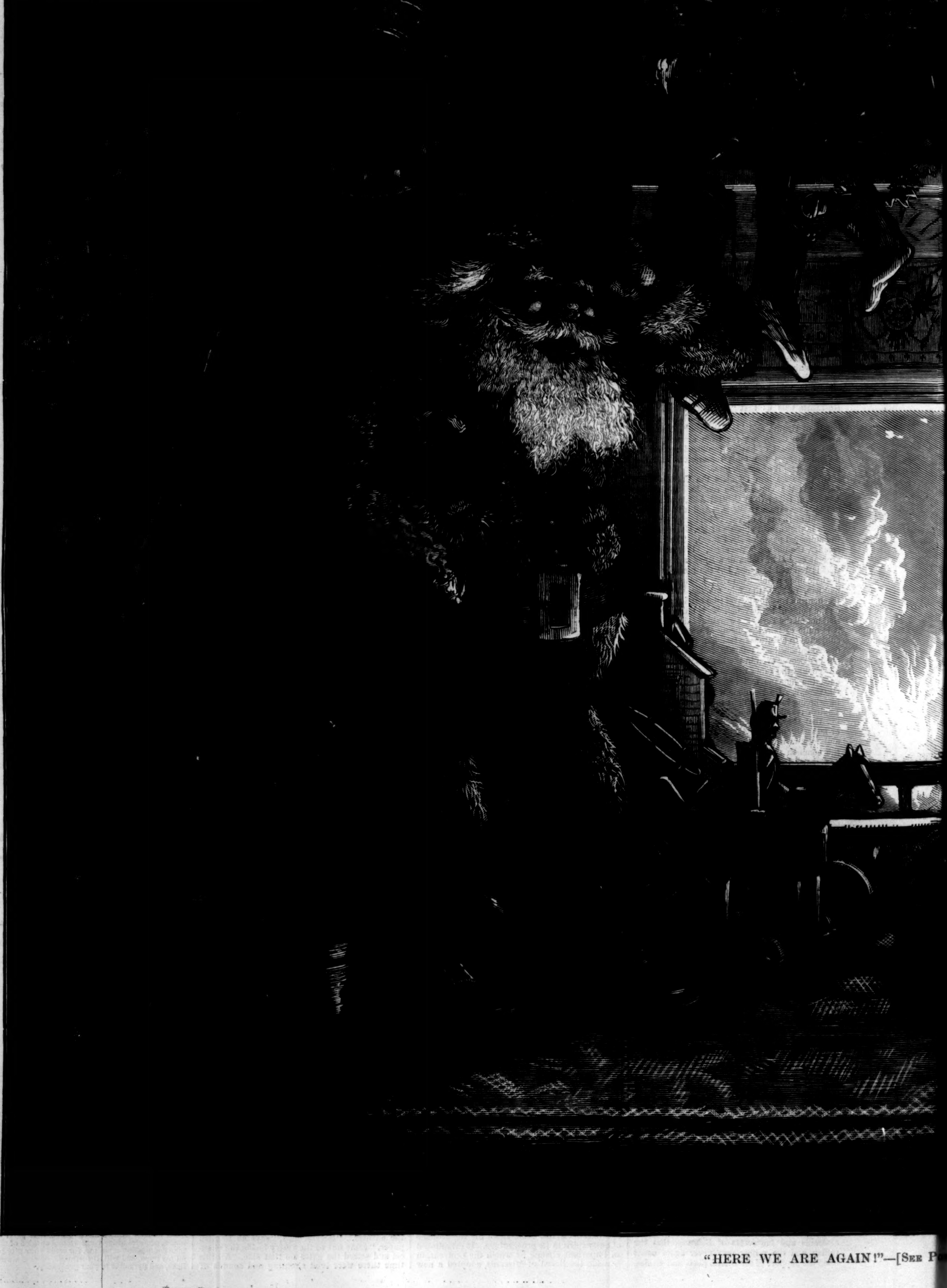
Sleeping-car conductors are generally pleasant, gentlemanly fellows. And yet, strange to say, one always likes them to give a wide berth.

"If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband.

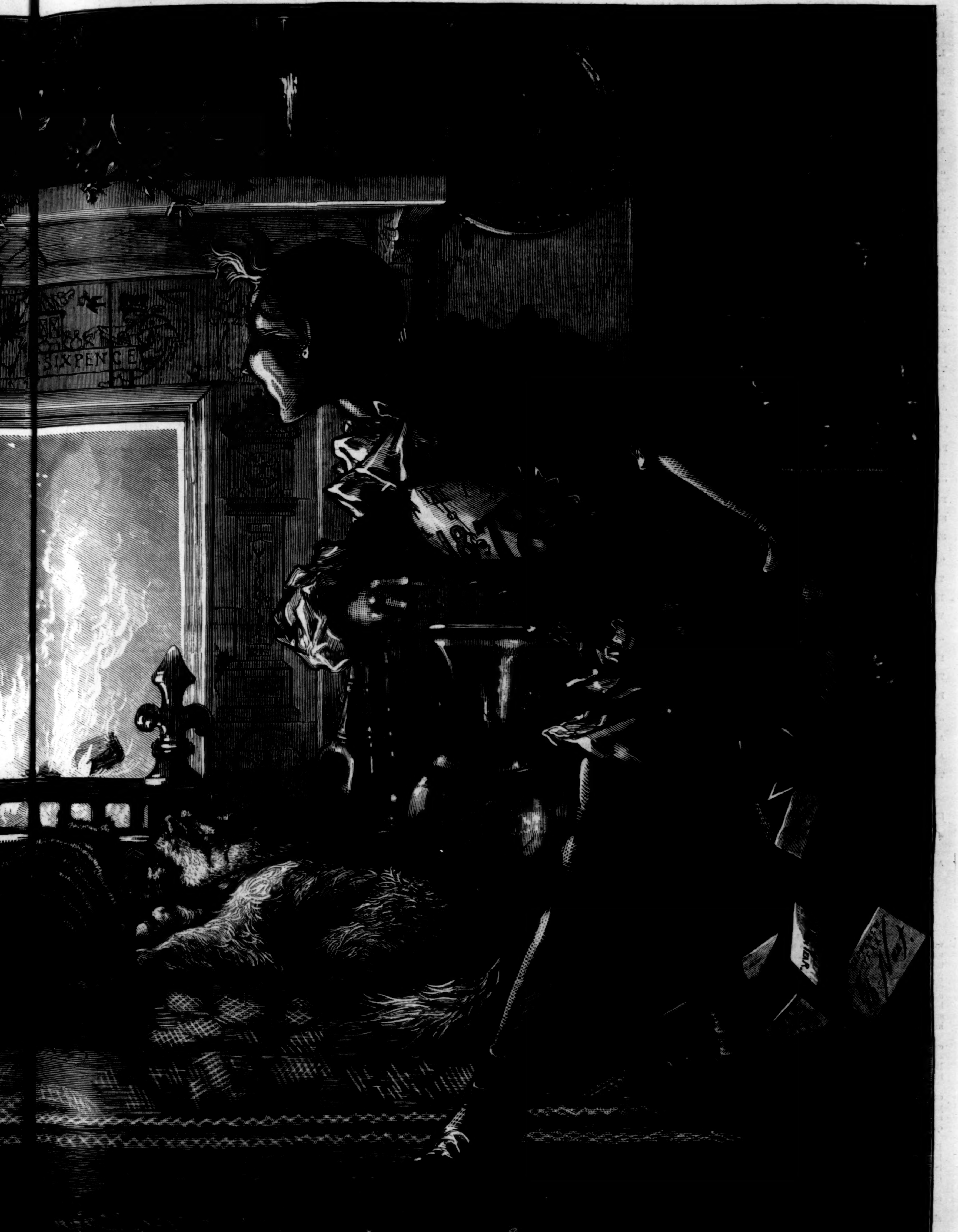
Boston holds two championships—base-ball and baked beans.

LOVE EPISTLE BY A STONE-CUTTER TO A WIDOW.

Divine Flint,—Were you not harder than porphyry or agate, the chisel of my love, drove by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression on thee. I, that have shaped as I pleased the most untoward substances, hoped by the compass of reason, the plummet of discretion, the saw of constancy, the soft file of kindness, and the polish of good words to have modelled you into one of the prettiest statues in the world; but, alas! I find you are flint that strikes fire and sets my soul in a blaze, though your heart is as cold as marble. Pity my case, pray, madam, for I know not what I say or do. If I go to make a dragon, I strike out a Cupid; instead of a church font for baptism, I make an apothecary's mortar; and, dear pillar of my hopes, pedestal of my comfort, and cornice of my joy, take compassion upon me, for upon your pity I build all my hope, and will, if fortunate, erect statues, obelisks, and pyramids to your generosity.



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"—[See P



ee P m "Santa Claus Belated," Page 10.]

SANTA CLAUS BELATED.

See Illustration on Double Page.

"GOOD lack! good lack! What have I done? Now who's this fellow here?
I swear by mine own hoary beard! Now what makes you appear?
I grant you that I've missed the time—I'm just an hour late;
But who'd ha' thought o' seeing you with your bald silly pate?

"Whoever left the door unlatched to let such numskulls in?
You aping, mincing, prancing wretch, where did you learn that grin?
Faith, Shakspeare had you in his mind when he Kate's tailor drew:
A 'flea!' a 'rag!' a 'skein of thread!' a knock-kneed thing like you!

"Here, out of breath, before your time, dressed like a foolish clown,
To sneer your betters out of face, and try to put them down.
'The New Year,' are you? Well! i' faith, who wouldn't storm and rage?
You're like some addle-pated wretch who acts upon the stage,

"Some stupid fool who dons his clothes and then forgets his cue,
And pokes his nose upon the scene an hour before it's due.
Where's the respect you owe your kin?—the Old Year is not dead.
A pretty-looking scarecrow you to smooth his dying bed!

"'The Christmas bells have ceased to ring?' I've granted that is true;
I know that I'm behind the time; but what is that to you?
You say 'he's but a week to live.' So that's the date you fix!
A week, you fool, is seven days—the world was made in *six*.

"Aroynt thee, wretch! the floor is mine; my stockings grace the shelf;
The only shape that's welcome here is my own jolly self.
Put up your cards within your hat; there's time enough for you;
You've only got to call upon a Knickerbocker few.

"'But I— But I—' Just look you here. Since Bethlehem's wand'ring star
From Syria's plains with guiding light brought Magi from afar,
Since shepherds paused amid their flocks to hear the angel band,
Since the first Christmas Gift was given in Judah's ancient land—

"Since then, I say, there's ne'er a year but makes my work increase;
The more they preach 'Good-will to men,' the more they prate of 'Peace:'
Don't marvel if I'm in a rage. Where's 'Peace,' I'd like to know,
When every year that's on my head the further I must go?

"To 'Greenland's icy mountains,' then to 'India's coral strands,'
I find that I must travel now to fill the children's hands.
The boys look out for Santa Claus on Afric's burning plain:
I'm melted down with tropic suns and soaked with tropic rains;

"The very icebergs bump my nose; the islands of the sea
Are filled with myriad little ones who keep a watch for me.
A saint that fills a post like mine—what wonder if I hate
To meet a gaping fool like you when I'm a whole hour late?"

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

VANESSA'S VISIT.

EREBUS was in due course shown to Mr. Piper, who knew so little about horses as to be scarcely worthy to be called a Yorkshireman. His own particular vanity in the way of horseflesh was a fast pony that could trot between the shafts of a light carriage for any number of hours without rest or refreshment. Any thing beyond that was out of his line. He contemplated the black with a cool survey, and thought that there was very little of him for the money.

"Isn't he lovely?" asked Bella, patting the creature's sleek neck.

Erebus was in a heavenly temper in his stable. It was only when conscious of humanity on his back that he was subject to fits of waywardness.

"Well, he aren't bad-looking," assented the unenthusiastic Piper; "but if I'd chose a horse for you I should have picked one with more timber and a better back for the saddle. I hope he's quiet?"

"Oh, he's every thing that is nice," answered Bella, with a fluttering of her heart at the recollection of some of Erebus's manœuvres that morning. "I shall feel as easy on him as in an armchair—when I get used to him."

"And Captain Standish gave you a riding lesson, did he?" inquired Mr. Piper.

"Yes; he went over the moor with me just to show me how to manage Erebus."

"That was very civil of him. But you mustn't be riding about with him often, you know, Bella. It wouldn't do. You mean no harm, and he means no harm. I know that, my dear. But it would set people talking, and I'm as proud a man as Cæsar in my way. I won't have my wife talked about."

Bella buried her pale face in the black's silky mane. She did not care to meet her husband's honest eyes just at this particular moment.

"I would not for the world do any thing you dislike," she said, meekly, "but I want to learn how to manage Erebus, and I don't think any one could teach me so well as Captain Standish. And by-and-by, when the fox-hunting begins, if you did not mind, I should like very much to—to"—here Mr. Piper glared at her with a look so awful that she remodeled the end of her sentence—"to see the hounds throw off."

"You could drive to the meet in your pony-chay," said Mr. Piper. "Nobody could say there was harm in that."

"It would be much nicer to go on horseback," pleaded Bella, laying her little white hand caressingly on Mr. Piper's velvet collar.

"Why, what a baby you are, little woman!" he exclaimed, mollified by that light touch and the coaxing look in the Dresden china face. "The horse is a new toy. You'll be wanting to ride him into the drawing-room, I shouldn't wonder, or to have him lying on the hearth-rug of a winter evening, like a Newfoundland."

This, in Bella's idea, meant permission to go to the meet, and once at the meet it would be very easy to follow the hounds for half an hour or so, and to say afterward it was all Erebus's doing, quite an involuntary bit of hunting on her own part. Bella was past mistress of those small arts by which an adroit unscrupulous woman manages to get her own way.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Piper, presently, "if you want to have company when you're out riding, you'd better ask one of Porkman's girls to come and spend a week with you and bring her hoss. They're first-rate horsewomen, both of 'em."

"I should be very glad to have Vanessa," said Bella. "I think she's the nicest, or at any rate the least nasty," she added, hastily.

Mrs. Porkman was a woman gifted with dim and uncultured aspirations after the beautiful. She had filled her drawing-room with heterogeneous *bric-à-brac*, including every variety of bad art, from Cleopatra's needle in Cornish serpentine to the latest monstrosity in Bohemian glass, and she had called her two elder daughters Stella and Vanessa, having read of two young women of that name once in a book. She had forgotten all about the book and the young women, but the names had lingered in her memory. She had her eldest daughter christened Stella, and in due time there appeared a Vanessa to complete the pair, and to take to Stella's cast-off frocks.

Bella thought it would not be altogether inconvenient—nay, it would be very convenient—to have Vanessa Porkman for her companion. With Vanessa riding on her left side, Captain Standish might ride on her right without giving occasion for scandal. She was not at all afraid of Vanessa being scandalized by any thing that she saw or heard. The second Miss Porkman was so far in advance of her age that she had in a manner anticipated all the feminine fastness of the nineteenth century. The skating rink, the ladies' club of the future, contained nothing calculated to shock Vanessa.

Miss Porkman accepted Mrs. Piper's invitation gladly. She owned, with a charming candor, that she was always glad to get away from home. She was quite open-minded in her contempt for her own family, and never even pretended to think them refined or well-bred. "Papa is simply dreadful," she would declare frankly. "I quite wonder how any of us put up with him. I suppose it is only because he's the family banker. If he wasn't, we should put him in the gardener's barrow and wheel him down to the edge of the river, and topple him comfortably in, and get rid of him as quietly as the gentle Hindoos do of their parents when they've lived long enough."

Miss Porkman came, a large, florid young woman, with bold brown eyes, an affectation of short sight, an eyeglass, and an insatiable thirst for masculine society. Contemplated from an abstract ethnological point of view she was a remarkably interesting example of the depth of deterioration to which the womanly character can descend among the well-to-do classes; but she was an excruciating young woman to live with.

In her mind the business of a woman's life was flirtation. To be admired, to agitate the hearts of men, to lure the luckless Strephon from his legitimate Chloe, these things, in Miss Porkman's mind, constituted woman's mission. She was not strong-minded, she was no eager reformer, she didn't care twopence about universal suffrage; but she wanted to be the Cleopatra of her small world, to have Cæsar, and Pompey, and Antonius, and the young Augustus, and every man of them, subjugated and adoring. She had unlimited confidence in her own good looks, and a scornful pity for plain women with whom nobody cared to flirt.

The fair Vanessa had tried her hardest to entangle Captain Standish in those flowery chains which she kept in stock for all eligible victims, but the captain had not allowed himself to be bound. She had seen with disgust that he was a constant guest at the Park, and that he lavished upon Bella those attentions which she had unsuccessfully invited herself. To flirt with a married woman was in Miss Porkman's eyes not so much immoral as it was cowardly. She would have easily excused the immorality, but she could not forgive the cowardice. Here was evidently a man who feared to trust himself within the range of her charms lest he should be caught unawares and meshed in the matrimonial net, and who amused himself with a vapid flirtation in a quarter where he felt himself ignobly safe.

"He can't care for such a little waxen image as Mrs. Piper," said Miss Porkman, contemplating her Juno-like figure in her cheval-glass; "but he doesn't want to marry into the commercial classes, and he's afraid to trust himself with *me*."

Vanessa came to Little Yafford Park resolved to leave it a conqueror. She had brought her prettiest dresses, she had brought her horse, and she believed herself invincible on horseback. If Captain Standish was as much at the Park as report said he was, Vanessa felt sure of victory.

She was not disappointed. Captain Standish came every day, and rode every day on the moor with Bella and Miss Porkman. He taught Bella how to manage the black, and he was so attentive to Vanessa as to keep that young lady in perpetual good humor with herself and him.

Bella's pluck, which was undeniable, made up in a great measure for want of experience. In a week she was mistress of Erebus, and seemed well able to cope with his whims and uncertainties, his disposition to take fright at shadows, and to bolt on every inconvenient occasion.

"I never knew any one learn to ride so quickly," said the captain; "for, upon my word, you know, frankly, you knew very little about it when you first rode Erebus."

Bella blushed, remembering how little she had known, how much less even than the captain had given her credit for knowing.

Mr. Piper saw them start for their ride sometimes, and was pleased to see his little woman happy. He could see no harm in her accepting the captain's escort while she had Vanessa Porkman with her, an expensively educated, well-brought-up young woman, who knew what was what, and would be sure to keep Captain Standish in his place. He praised the black, and thanked the captain for buying that accomplished animal.

"He's rather too weedy for my style," said Mr. Piper, "but he looks well-bred, and he carries my little woman beautifully."

Captain Standish dined at the Park twice during the week at Mr. Piper's particular invitation.

"Do you know, Bella," said Ebenezer, one night after Miss Porkman had lighted her candle and left them, "I think Standish is smitten with Vanesser. I shouldn't wonder if it was to be a match. She's an uncommon fine girl, and old Porkman could give her twenty thousand and feel none the poorer for it. She wouldn't be a bad catch for the captain."

"Catch!" echoed Bella, contemptuously. "Do you suppose Captain Standish wants what you call a catch? Do you think he would care to take Mr. Porkman's twenty thousand pounds and go down to his grave associated with provisions? Captain Standish could not afford to marry Vanessa if he loved her to distraction. Whenever he marries, he must marry rank. You forget that his mother is Lady Emmeline Standish."

"No, I don't," said Mr. Piper. "But I can't see that his mother's having a handle to her name could make Porkman's money less acceptable. Money can buy land, can't it, and in England land means aristocracy. Put your money into the soil, and you're an aristocrat. That's how I take it. I should never have bought this place, to pay me two and a half per cent., if I hadn't felt that I was hooking myself on to the landed gentry. I say," concluded Mr. Piper, spreading his coat tails as he stood with his portly back to the fire—"I say that Vanessa Porkman would be a capital match for Standish, and he's a fool if he can't see it."

"Pray don't take up Mrs. Dulcimer's craze of match-making," said Bella, scornfully.

She was indignant at the idea that any one could suppose Captain Standish in love with Vanessa—that large middle-class Juno.

Poor Mrs. Dulcimer's good-natured soul was perturbed by Vanessa's visit. She went to the Park on Thursday afternoon, and remonstrated with Bella for her short-sightedness and want of sisterly feeling.

"My dear, you are letting that horrid Miss Porkman cut out poor Clementina," she complained. "This visit of hers will quite spoil Clementina's chance with Captain Standish."

"Indeed, Mrs. Dulcimer, Tina never had any chance with Captain Standish. He is not a marrying man. I have heard him say as much."

"Oh, my dear, they all say that, and even think it, until they are caught. It doesn't make the slightest difference. I am sure he admired your sister, and it would have been such a splendid match for her, and so nice for you to have had such aristocratic connections. Lady Emmeline would have been your—something-in-law. And now you have spoiled it all by inviting Miss Porkman."

"I wanted some one to ride with me," said Bella. "Clementina can't ride, and hasn't a horse."

"Well, it is a great pity. Every body says that Captain Standish is in love with Miss Porkman."

Bella knew that Mrs. Dulcimer's every body usually meant herself and Rebecca.

And now the time drew near for Bella to try her fortune in the hunting field. She sounded Miss Porkman, and found that young lady eager for any thing fast and furious. Vanessa had never hunted—Mr. Porkman objecting to ladies in the field just as strongly as Mr. Piper. But she was quite ready to hazard the paternal anger, supposing it impossible to have a day's sport without her father coming to hear of it.

"He has never actually forbidden us to hunt," said Vanessa, "but I know he doesn't like ladies riding to hounds. I've heard him say so very often. However, he won't know any thing about it till it's all over, and when he does hear of it I must weather the storm somehow."

Vanessa had weathered a good many paternal tempests since she had emerged from the nursery—stormy winds blown up by milliners' bills, hurricanes provoked by too reckless flirtations, and divers other meteorological disturbances of a domestic nature. A storm more or less made no difference, in Vanessa's opinion.

Captain Standish rode the black to hounds, and pronounced him perfect.

"There's to be a grand meet next Tuesday morning at Milvey Bridge, and we must all go," he told Bella. "You can tell Piper you are going to see the hounds throw off."

CHAPTER LVII.

OPENING HIS EYES.

WHILE Bella had been indulging in archery, dinner-giving, riding, and other expensive amusements, her husband's old friend and servant, Samuel Chumney, had returned from his fortnight's holiday, and had taken his place among those insignificant and unvalued guests whom the mistress of the Park regarded rather as lookers-on, or as a kind of human furniture, than as actual participators in her gayeties and pleasures.

On her Thursday afternoons Mrs. Piper tolerated Chumney as a necessary evil. His old-fashioned shirt collars were ridiculous, but harmless. He was quiet, and was therefore much less vulgar than the prosperous Porkman, or the millionaire Timperley. So, as it pleased Mr. Piper to have him there, Bella endured his presence without further complaint.

"As long as you don't invite him to my best dinners, I don't mind," she told Mr. Piper, which was certainly a great concession from a young lady who, a year or so before, had not always had enough dinner for herself.

Mr. Chumney looked on at Bella's career, and had his own opinion about her, and said nothing. Miss Coyney said a great deal to him, and he let her talk, but he never committed himself by any more direct expression of opinion than was to be gleaned from a grave nod or a significant shake of the head. This dumb-show of his, and the general reticence of his manners, possessed a wonderful fascination for Miss Coyney. She opened her mind to him freely, and felt herself in the presence of supreme worldly wisdom.

"If poor Mr. Piper were only like you, that foolish young woman would not venture upon such conduct," said Miss Coyney, whereupon Mr. Chumney lifted his dark eyebrows, thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, and breathed a gentle sigh.

"Spending all her mornings riding about with that Captain Standish, a man of notoriously dissipated character," said Miss Coyney, who knew as much about the captain as she did about the inhabitants of the moon.

"Ha!" groaned Mr. Chumney, as if in assent to a general proposition which he could not confute.

"And making a bosom-friend of that flashy Miss Porkman, while she neglects her own sisters. 'Birds of a feather—'"

"'Flock together,'" concluded Mr. Chumney, venturing to commit himself so far.

"How it is that Mr. Piper doesn't see what is going on under his very nose is more than I can imagine."

"Piper is a man in a thousand, madam," said Mr. Chumney.

"But so foolishly confiding. Ah, Mr. Chumney, it is trying to see the present state of things after having had the privilege of knowing the first Mrs. Piper."

"True," sighed Chumney.

"How different her habits were. She was a woman of real piety, always anxious about this world and the next."

"She never could keep her cook," said Chumney, doubtfully. "I have seen worse cooking at Piper's table than ever I saw in my own humble lodging."

"Poor Mrs. Piper was not fortunate with her servants," assented Miss Coyney, "but then she was such a good manager. No waste or riot in her time. How self-denying she was! To my own knowledge she rarely discarded a silk gown till it had been turned twice."

Miss Coyney knew very little and talked a great deal. Mr. Chumney knew a great deal and held his peace, waiting, with masterly patience, until the time should come for him to speak. For the last three months he had taken upon himself the office of a private inquirer without fee or reward. He had made it his business to find out all that was to be known about Captain Standish. He had gone into all manner of company in order to make these discoveries, but his informants had been chiefly of the back stairs—grooms, valets, tailors, boot-makers, horse-dealers, people of all grades, who had been honored with the captain's custom or patronage.

The result of his inquiries showed that Captain Standish was an unscrupulous, unprincipled man—a man who paid his way simply because he had plenty of money wherewith to gratify his desires, but who did not shrink from a dishonorable act, or hesitate at a baseness where dishonorable or base dealing could further his aims. He had contrived in a brief career to do as much mischief as would have earned for a young nobleman a handsome reputation in the days when men wore powder and patches and considered vice a distinction. Another man in Samuel Chumney's position might have made an immediate use of his knowledge and let his friend know the kind of person he had admitted to his house; but Mr. Chumney preferred to wait for some crushing proof of the captain's unworthiness, and he was not disinclined to let Bella proceed far enough in her folly to disenchant her husband.

"It will give Piper the whip-hand over her for the rest of his days," he thought, "if he finds her out in a compromising flirtation with this fellow Standish."

This was the condition of affairs up to the evening before the fox-hunt, when Mr. Chumney, through one of his horsey informants, became acquainted with the history of Captain Standish's purchase of the black called Erebus. This piece of information he considered it his duty to impart to Mr. Piper without loss of time, so he walked over to Little Yafford next morning for that purpose.

It was the last day of October, and a lovely morning. The wind was in the south—a wind so balmy and gentle that it only caressed the red and golden foliage, and hardly scattered the leaves. Here and there a withered leaf dropped lazily down from the dark brown branches, wet and shining with autumnal dew. The grass beside the road glistened with a light hoar-frost. A veil of vapor shrouded the hills, and gave a look of mystery to the distant landscape. Now and then a gleam of sunshine pierced the mist, brightening and warming all things, and then all was gray again.

"A fine morning for the hounds," said a passing countryman by way of salutation, but Samuel Chumney responded only with a sulky nod. He did not care for the hounds. He looked upon all field-sports as waste and foolishness, and considered it man's proper avocation all over the world to sit upon a high stool in a counting-house and add up columns of figures. He felt a half-scornful tolerance for soldiers and sailors, as needed to protect commerce and defend the rights of the men who sat in counting-houses. But for all other grades of humanity he had only contempt.

Even for Mr. Chumney's long legs it was a two hours' walk from the town to the village, so, although he had started directly after his breakfast, it was nearly eleven o'clock when he arrived at the Park. Mr. Piper was walking up and down the lawn in front of his drawing-room windows, smoking his morning cigar.

"Hulloa, Chum!" he exclaimed; "what wind blows you this way? Come over to have a look at the farm, have you? The pigs are doing beautifully. I feel pretty sure of a prize for some of 'em. It's as much as they can do to stand already. Take any thing after your walk? No? Well, I know what a sober old file you are. Come round and have a look at the pigs."

Mr. Piper put his arm through Chumney's and led him off toward the farm, which was shut off from the park and gardens by shrubberies and a fir plantation.

"Hang your pigs!" cried Chumney. "To my eye a prize pig is the most hideous object in creation. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to interfere. They're down upon a coster-monger for overdriving his donkey, but they don't say a word against a nobleman for making an animal's existence a slow martyrdom, by gorging it with oil-cake until its legs refuse to carry the weight of its overfed carcass."

Mr. Piper, elated with the anticipation of a prize at the Christmas Cattle Show, was in no humor to give ear to the voice of humanity on the lips of his old cashier.

"Come and have a look at the pigs, Chum, and don't you take to preaching sermons in your old age. It ain't oil-cake, either, old boy. It's milk and meal, and the pork will eat as tender as a chicken and as mellow as a William pear. Do you suppose the animals are unhappy? Not a bit of it. They're no more unhappy than an alderman who overeats himself with turtle and venison. And as to their not being able to stand, why, I've seen Porkman and Timperley many a time after dinner when they've not been able to stand, and they were as happy as lords."

They had arrived at the pig-sties by this time, and Mr. Chumney was regaled with the sight of various mountains of pinky flesh, out of whose tremulous bulk issued smothered gruntings as a sole indication of life. Here and there something like an ear was to be seen pendent from a hillock of bristly pinkness, but Mr. Chumney looked in vain for an eye. The organs of sight had disappeared under pendulous ridges of fat.

"You may call that an improving exhibition," protested Chumney; "I don't. And now, if you will withdraw your mind from your pigs for five or ten minutes, I've got something serious to say to you."

"Serious!" exclaimed Mr. Piper. "Another failure in the wool trade, I suppose. Well, thank goodness, they can't touch me. My money is safe."

"I'm not going to talk about your money. Where's Mrs. Piper?"

"Gone for a ride with Vanessa Porkman."

"And Captain Standish, I suppose."

"Yes, the captain was with them. He keeps a couple of horses at the Crown so as to be handy for the hunting. They're going to see the hounds throw off at Milvey Bridge. I think the captain's sweet upon Vanessa. It would be a very good match for him, and I know the Porkmans would jump at it. But my little woman says No. The Porkmans aren't good enough for him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE announced some time ago the departure for Japan of Professor EDWARD S. MORSE, the eminent zoologist and highly successful public lecturer on subjects of natural history. His purpose was to investigate the condition of some of the marine animals of that country, and especially to determine the question as to the annelidan nature of brachiopod and lingula shells. Although his was a private expedition at his own expense and for his own objects, he was received most cordially by the Japanese authorities, and every facility given for his researches, a laboratory being built for him, and other facilities supplied, and he was induced by the government to take charge of a chair of natural history in the university, which it is understood he will occupy for some time, making a visit to the United States, however, during the present winter to complete lecture engagements made before his departure. Professor MORSE was among the first in this country to prosecute investigations into the character, extent, and contents of the ancient shell heaps on the coast of Massachusetts, and in turning his attention to the same subject in Japan he was much gratified to find a great number of similar remains of aboriginal and prehistoric life, he being the first to establish the fact. One deposit near Omori is about half a mile in a straight line from the shores of the bay, and about two hundred feet in length, six or eight feet in width, and ten feet above the surrounding country, and is covered by earth to the depth of four or five feet. It presents the usual characteristics of the Kjökkenmöddings in the abundance of broken bones, pottery, and implements, the latter worked in all cases out of horn, and in no single instance out of bone. The pottery represents an earlier stage of the ceramic art in Japan than any of those previously recognized. Flint flakes and stone implements of all kinds were wanting, with the exception of a single adze found in the upper part of the heap. Professor MORSE was occupied for a number of days in the excavation of this heap, with a large force of laborers, and made an extensive and interesting collection, of which he proposes to bring home one series for the National Museum at Washington, and another for the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. A memoir will be published by the university, properly and satisfactorily illustrated.

The well-known English ornithologist Mr. HENRY SEEBOHM has just returned to England with a very fine collection of birds' skins and eggs made in Northern Russia in Asia during the past summer.

One of the most interesting recent discoveries in paleophytology has just been made by the well-known English cryptogamist Mr. WORTHINGTON SMITH, in the detection in the coal measures of a fossil fungus nearly allied to that which produces the potato blight, and which he has named *Peronosporites antiquarius*. The specimen was seen within the vascular axis of a *lepidodendron*, and consists of a mass of mycelia and zoosporangia (or oogonia). The mycelium was furnished with numerous joints, or sepha, showing it to belong to the genus *Peronospora* rather than *Pythium*. Within many of the fossil oogonia the differentiation of the protoplasm into zoospores is clearly seen, the oogonium precisely resembling, in size and other characters, average oogonia of the present day, especially those belonging to *Peronospora infestans*, and inclosing the same number of zoospores, viz., seven or eight. Mr. WORTHINGTON SMITH suggests that in *Peronosporites antiquarius* we have possibly a primordial form from which the two great families of fungi and algæ branched out.

The proprietors of the Westminster Aquarium in London, imitating the example first set in Boston by Mr. CUTTING, and subsequently followed by the proprietors of the New York Aquarium, determined to add the white whale to their collection of aquatic objects, and accordingly arranged with the New York Aquarium to send them one of several that had been secured for the use of that establishment. This was shipped in an iron trough about thirteen feet long, four feet high, and three feet wide, but was not immersed in water, resting simply on a bed of sea-weed, which was kept moist by the continued application of water. Here, without food or drink, about fourteen days were spent, from the time of its shipment at New York till its arrival in London.

A large iron tank, capable of holding 50,000 gallons of water, was inserted in the floor of the aquarium, and this was filled with fresh-water, into which the whale was transferred with great care.

The animal, which was very sluggish up to the time of transfer, manifested signs of great satisfaction, and fed readily on eels, its favorite food in captivity. It was extremely thin on its arrival, the vertebræ projecting in a prominent ridge, but it soon manifested considerable improvement. The whole of the skin, however, peeled off, piece by piece, and a new skin appeared underneath. It had only been kept a few days, however, when it began to show signs of indisposition, and it finally died of pneumonia.

The animal excited great interest in London, from its being the first ever exhibited alive in England. Its post-mortem examination was conducted by Professor FLOWER and other eminent London naturalists. Figures of the animal have been published in *The Field*, *Land and Water*, and other illustrated journals, and great curiosity was every where exhibited in regard to this object. It is understood that arrangements have been made for the immediate acquisition of a second specimen, which it is hoped will be more fortunate in its survival.

The success of the enterprise of stocking the rivers of New Zealand with California salmon, the eggs of which were furnished by the United States Fish Commission, is shown by the following extract of a letter from Mr. J. C. FIRTH, of Auckland, New Zealand:

"I am pleased to have to report that in one of the rivers, the Rapu-rapu, in the shingle beds of which I last year placed a large number of the salmon ova you so kindly sent, a very great success has been achieved, large numbers of young salmon, five inches in length, being reported as swarming in the river for miles."

Nature, in a notice of the death of Mr. DOUGLAS A. SPALDING, refers to him as a not unfrequent contributor to that periodical of thoughtful and acute articles in the department of mental science. He was first brought to the notice of the scientific world by his experiments on the instinctive movements of birds, published in 1873, in which he drew the conclusion that the doctrine of inherited association is the only scientific explanation of the phenomena of instinct, this in the present generation of animals being the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations.

Madame THURET, the widow of the eminent French botanist, has bequeathed the sum of $40,000 to the French Republic for the purpose of establishing, at Antibes, an agricultural station connected with the lectureship on Agriculture and Botany of the Paris Museum of Natural History.

Captain BURTON, whose interesting discoveries made in the Land of Midian, on the Red Sea, were referred to by us some time ago, is about revisiting that region, under the patronage of the Khedive, accompanied by competent mining engineers and geologists. Although the promise of the recovery of many valuable mines of gold, silver, copper, and other metals is excellent, he hopes in his second visit to make a more elaborate investigation, and to obtain satisfactory data for determining to what extent it will be for the interest of foreigners to aid in developing these treasures of Arabia. He thinks a twenty days' march will bring him into the mountains where bodies of valuable ore are to be found.

Dr. HENRY LAWSON, editor of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, and until lately editor of the *Popular Science Review*, died in the latter part of October. He is best known as a writer on medical subjects, especially on the treatment of sciatica and other nervous affections by the hypodermic injection of morphine. As editor of the journals referred to, and also of *Popular Opinion* during its brief career, he exhibited great familiarity with many branches of natural science.

Among other curious fishes lately sent to the Smithsonian Institution is a specimen of *Chimæra plumbea*, a new species of a family allied to the sharks and sturgeons, and is characterized by its extremely bizarre and uncouth shape, worthily entitling it to its generic name. The specimen is about four feet long, and was captured on the La Have Bank, in 350 fathoms of water, in latitude 52° 40′ and longitude 63° 23′, this being the first record of the occurrence of the genus off the coast of North America. It was taken by parties fishing for halibut, and brought into Gloucester, where it was secured by Captain ROBERT H. HURLBERT, by whom it was sent to the United States Fish Commission at Washington, where a cast has been made and the specimen preserved.

An allied species, *C. monstrosa*, is best known as an inhabitant of the shores of Northern Europe, and GUNTHER, in his catalogue of the British Museum, assigns to it the Cape of Good Hope and Japan. He makes no reference to its occurrence in America; nor is it mentioned by FABRICIUS in his *Fauna*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEVER, perhaps, have the shop windows of New York presented a more brilliant display than during the present holiday season, and this notwithstanding the depressed times. The profusion of rare, beautiful, artistic, and useful articles shows the progress of our citizens in inventive genius, ingenuity, skill, and artistic and literary tastes. It seems as if all through 1877 fertile brains and fairy fingers, miraculously inspired with a knowledge of coming wants, had been ceaselessly busy, and that the grand result had been suddenly tossed before our eyes in beautiful and bewildering confusion. Conspicuous among artistic displays are the most exquisite fancies in gold, silver, china, enamel, Japanese ware, and glass; quaint and curious tiles and pottery; precious stones in unique settings; elegant shell, leather, and wood work; bric-à-brac of every kind; mechanical toys most wonderful and costly; and books of such dainty finish and so exquisitely illustrated that they charm the eye and delight the most refined taste. What more remains to be desired? Will the holidays of 1878 reveal other surprising inventions and rarer beauties? Doubtless. Americans are progressive.

The seventieth birthday of the poet Whittier, December 17, was specially celebrated in Boston, and generally remembered throughout the literary world. His first poem, it is said, was published when he was only eighteen years old, in a Newburyport paper, then edited by William Lloyd Garrison. It was called "The Sea;" but it has never been reprinted in Whittier's works, and the poet has probably forgotten the lines. The New York *Tribune* says that ten years after this poem was published a boy, eight years old, found them in an ancient, tattered newspaper, and has kept this first stanza securely in his memory:

"Unfathomed deep, unfettered waste
  Of never-ending waves!
Each by its rushing follower chased
  Through unillumined caves,
Beneath the rocks, whose turrets rude,
  Even since the birth of Time,
Have heard, amid their solitude,
  The billows' ceaseless chime."

Four entire blocks, bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues and Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets, are devoted to the new American Museum of Natural History, according to the complete plan for the structure. This great enterprise will not, however, be finished for many years. The portion which is now completed is a four-story building, with a double attic. It is of brick, about two hundred feet long, and strictly fire-proof. The curiosities in this building have been recently transferred from the Arsenal in the Central Park, and fill it entirely, making a fine display. These are directly or indirectly the gifts of private individuals.

During the siege of Plevna, the Russians, by the disposition of their reserved forces, and by a system of telegraphic signals which they organized, were able quickly to re-enforce any threatened point. A telegraphic system of electric lights was also formed to guard against surprises at night.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* describes a strange scene at the recent execution of a mulatto who had been convicted of murdering two men. The barbarous attack upon the Chisholm family last April is still fresh in the minds of all our readers, and a great rabble of sympathizers with that murderous mob boasted that the confession of this mulatto, Riley, would implicate Judge Chisholm. They resolved to force him to confess that he had been hired by the judge to do the bloody deed. But the doomed man steadily adhered to the simple statement that he committed the murders without aid or counsel from any man. In vain the crowd urged that he be again and again questioned; he persisted in reiterating that he told the truth, his last words being: "One minute, and I shall stand before God. All I have said is true."

After the 1st of January all letters from Great Britain to New York will be forwarded three times a week, by the Cunard, Inman, and White Star lines, according to special arrangement lately made. Mails will be made up at London on the evening of every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and forwarded to Queenstown for embarkation on the steamers the following day. Letters will be forwarded solely by these three lines, excepting when special directions are given to send by some other vessel.

Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California, French lace is woven in New York, Italian marble is dug in Kentucky, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cashmere is made in New Hampshire, Parian art-work comes from a shop in Boston, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled out by the million in Chicago; and the American paper that recites this list tersely asks, "Is this a foreign country?"

Cincinnati will soon possess a grand Music Hall. Some time ago Mr. Springer, a public-spirited citizen, donated $125,000 toward the erection of a new Music Hall, which is to cost in all $300,000. He now offers to give $50,000 for the purpose of erecting supplemental buildings on condition that other citizens shall add $100,000 more. These buildings are for the accommodation of the Industrial Exhibitions. Mr. Springer has also given $5000 toward the fund for an organ, which is to be the largest in America, and which, with the Hall, will be finished in time for the next May festival.

"Kéramos," that beautiful poem of Longfellow's, so pleased Mr. John Bennett, recently of Lambeth, that he sent the author one of his most lovely vases.

We clip the following from an exchange: "'O Lord, give them common-sense!' was the fervent petition of the Rev. Morton Dexter, in New Bedford, last Sunday. He was praying for the members of the Forty-fifth Congress. Amen."

The historical building in which Thomas Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence, at the corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, has been injured by fire. The loss is stated at $15,000; but fortunately "the birth-place of liberty," as it is called, is not damaged beyond repair.

Old Connecticut has become apathetic. The New Haven Board of Education has abolished religious exercises in the public schools of that city. Resolutions to this effect have been pending for some time, and the public was not sufficiently awake to make any protest against their adoption.

A new telegraph company has been organized under the laws of this State, and bearing the name of the "Continental Telegraph Company." Contracts have been made for the immediate construction of a line between Boston and Washington, passing through New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities along the route.

It appears that our hotel-keepers understand economy far better than does our city government. Proprietors of large hotels in this city keep their garbage separate from ashes, and sell the refuse to farmers, who use it for fattening hogs. It is stated in one of our daily newspapers that the Fifth Avenue Hotel receives $1200 a year from one Long Island farmer for this refuse, the St. Nicholas Hotel and the Astor House $800, and other hotels in like proportion.

Three suits were recently begun against Brigham Young's spendthrift son in the Third District Court, Salt Lake City. They were for the recovery of claims amounting to $19,000, and his household goods were seized by the sheriff.

Dogs are to be bought, sold, trained, improved, etc., by the Westminster Kennel Club recently incorporated.

Conscience is not altogether asleep. Postmaster James received a letter not long ago inclosing two three-cent stamps which the writer had found on letters which had passed through the post-office unsullied by the usual marks.

The grain crop of South Russia is the largest harvested during the last twenty-five years.

According to statistics from the Congressional Directory, Senator Hamlin is the oldest member of the Senate, and Senator Dorsey the youngest, although the ages of three are not mentioned. Eight of these distinguished law-givers are unmarried.

Bishop Banaz, of Hungary, has given 90,000 florins to educate poor children—an excellent and substantial gift about Christmas-time.

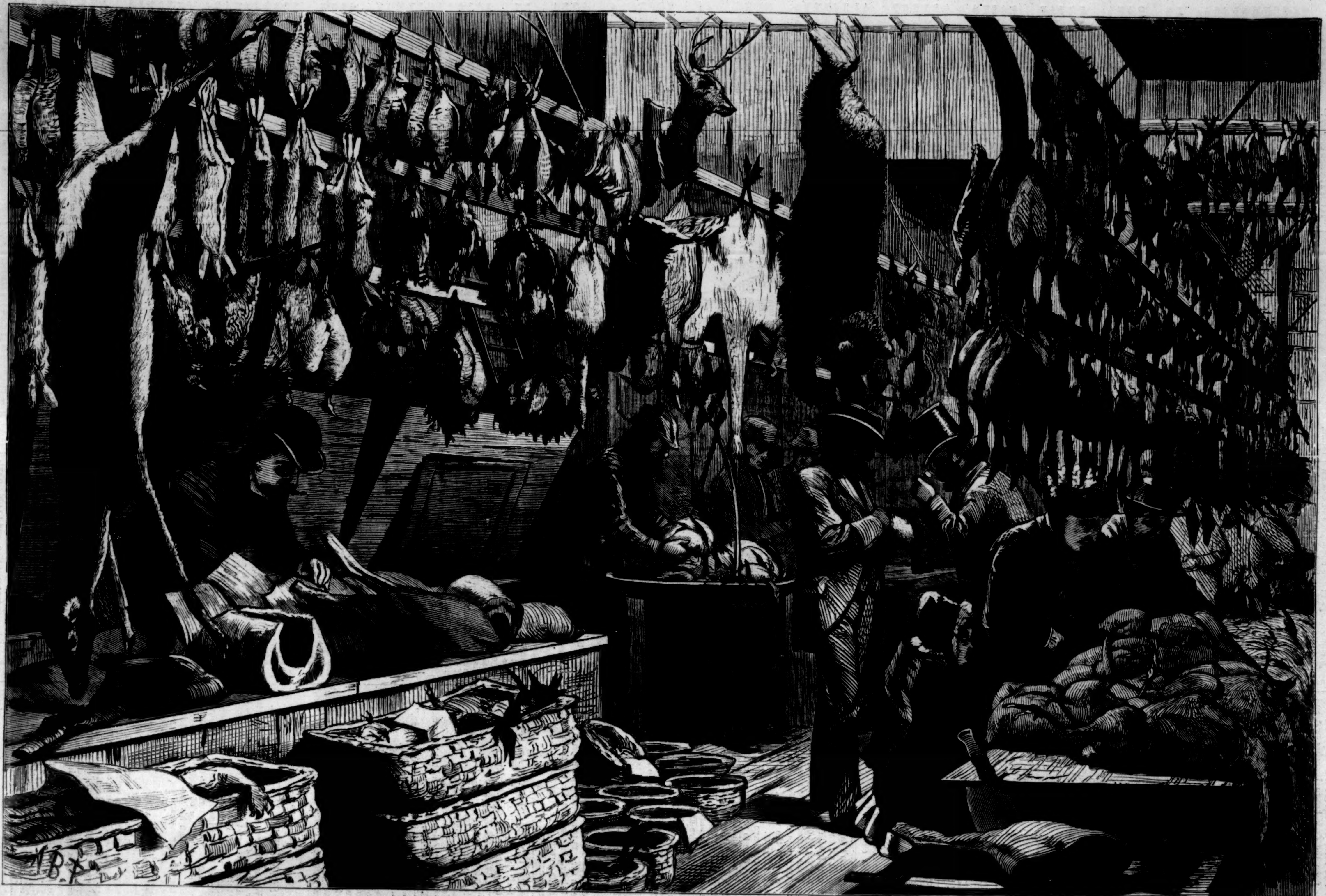
The last work of the sculptor Crawford was the modelling of the casts of the bronze doors for the Capitol at Washington. Before the moulds in which the bronze was cast were destroyed a complete duplicate set was made in plaster, and these have ever since remained with the Ames Company, at Chicopee, Massachusetts, in the hope that at some time they might set them up in a hall of their own. Recently they have consented to give them to Amherst College, provided some friend of the institution would pay for putting them in order and setting them up in the Art Gallery. This has been done by Mr. J. H. Southworth, of Springfield, and Amherst has secured a rare art treasure.

Two or three weeks ago thirty Russian farmers, with their families, arrived in New York on their way to the far West. Altogether they numbered 114. Their curious costumes attracted a good deal of attention at Castle Garden.

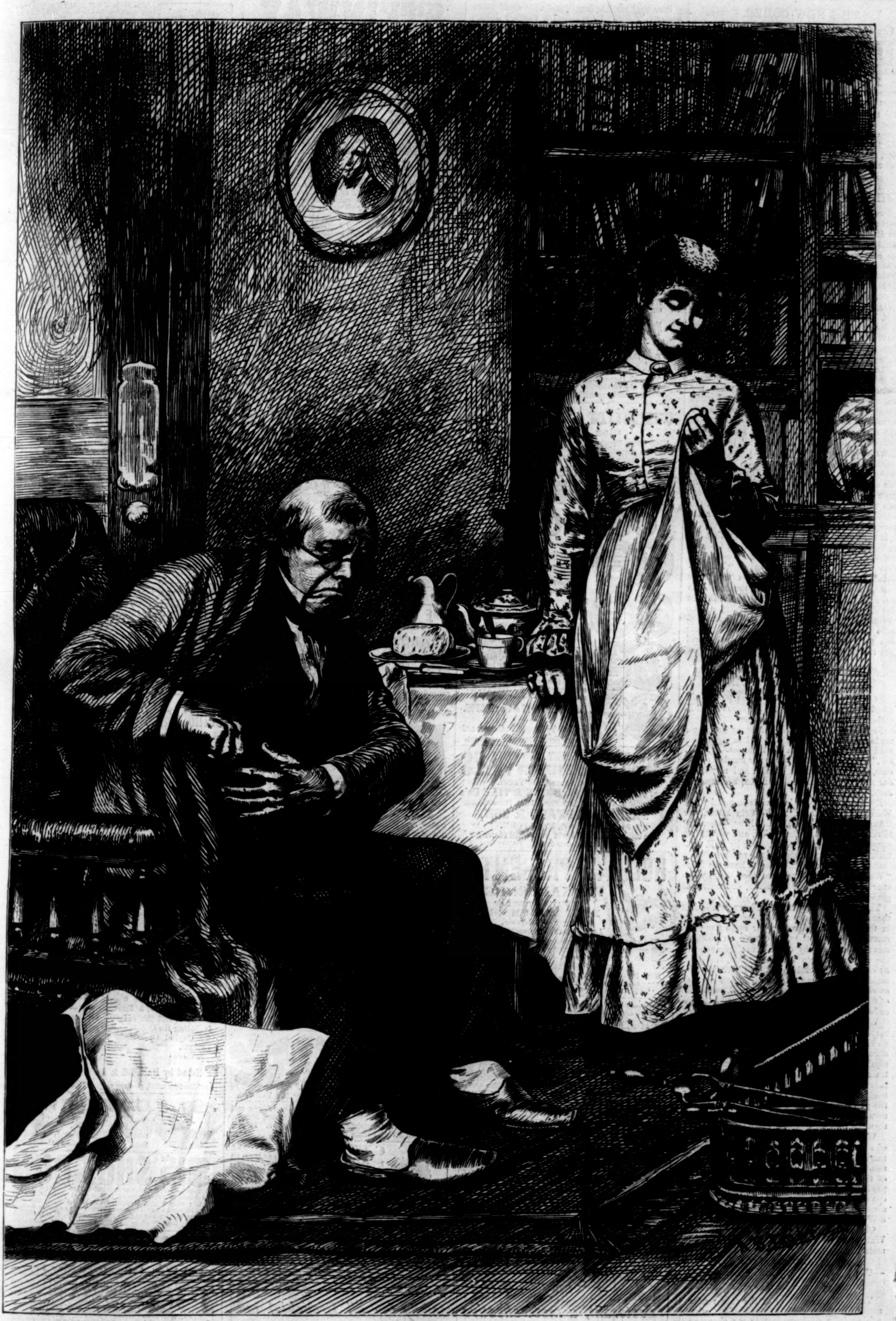
Liszt, the great pianist, is now at Rome. It is one of his peculiarities—in which many other musicians are like him—that he will only consent to play after much pressure and flattery. Not long ago a lady, who was expecting him to join her evening company, locked her piano and put the key in her pocket before he arrived. Nobody asked or even hinted for music; but Liszt was not at ease. He wandered around the instrument a while, and finally asked his hostess for the key, and presently her guests heard him at his very best.

In Southern California, "bee pastures" are very extensive. Most of the mountain land is entirely unfit for agriculture, and the vegetation growing on it is not relished by cattle. But this vegetation is very productive of food for bees, and wherever flowering plants grow, and there is sufficient water for the bees to make their wax, "bee pastures" are located, and this industry is becoming one of much importance.

The woman blessed with common-sense recently died in Philadelphia. It is not probable the world will see her like again. On her death-bed she said to her husband, who was a clergyman, "Don't grow morbid when I am gone. Go into society, be cheerful, and let no regard for my memory check you when you see fit to marry again. It is my wish; the children must be cared for; you will need a helper in your work. You can not live alone; your temperament is all against it; only choose a cheerful woman, and teach her to love our children. Don't answer me, and don't be governed by what the world says or thinks."



THE CHRISTMAS SEASON—GAME STAND IN FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 14.]



"THANK GOODNESS, CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!"—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE POEM, "AN OLD BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT," PAGE 7.]

THE NEW-COMER.

THE large curious-looking bird in our first-page illustration is a marabou from tropical Africa. It is one of the ugliest of the stork family, but is held sacred from its usefulness in devouring carrion and other filth which would pollute the air. From this bird and from the equally repulsive Indian species, commonly called the "adjutant-bird," are obtained the delicate and beautiful marabou feathers which command a high price for ladies' head-dresses. These feathers grow under the wings. The name of this bird is said to be derived from the Arabic word for saint, *marábouth*, in allusion to its supposed sacred character.

CHRISTMAS IN THE MARKETS.

THE holiday season makes lively times in the markets of a large city like New York, which is the dépôt whence supplies are sent to all the surrounding country, in addition to the vast quantities consumed within its limits. The visitor to Washington or Fulton Market can not fail to be struck with the large amount of game of various kinds displayed in tempting array, as represented in our illustration on page 12, which shows the well-known Fulton Market stands of Messrs. A. & E. ROBBINS, who, with Messrs. FLEMING & Co. in the same market, Messrs. KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND, and Messrs. DROHAN & POWELL, in Washington Market, are among the most prominent dealers in game and poultry in this city.

The amount of poultry received every month by the firm first mentioned is about sixty tons, except during the holiday season, when the amount is much larger. The receipts of game are about 100 dozen of quail per day, about 200 partridges, and the same number each of grouse and canvas-back ducks. A large proportion is shipped to Europe. About 15,000 pounds of Minnesota venison per month is the average amount received during the season. The stands in the markets are only for the display and retail sale of stock, the greater portion being stored in large dépôts, where it is kept in huge refrigerators until wanted. The great refrigerator in the store-house of Messrs. A. & E. ROBBINS has a capacity of fifty tons.

It may interest our readers to know that the turkeys sold in our markets come chiefly from Indiana, Iowa, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and that what are popularly known as "Philadelphia" chickens come mainly from the latter State. It will certainly interest the reader to learn that, in the opinion of some of the largest dealers, the price of game and poultry will be permanently lower than it has been in many seasons past. They think the time of fancy prices has gone by, and that the price of poultry will not rise above twenty cents per pound.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

IN buying Waltham Watches, the public will avoid imposition by observing the following indications:

FIRST—The gold quality of every gold case made by us is distinctly stamped in figures on the back of the case with our trade mark "A. W. Co.," and a certificate bearing the number of the case, guaranteeing such quality, and signed by our agents, ROBBINS and APPLETON, accompanies each.

Every silver case made by us is stamped "Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.—Coin Silver," or "Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.—Sterling Silver," according to its quality, and will be accompanied by a certificate signed by R. E. ROBBINS, Treasurer, guaranteeing the same.

SECOND—All of our movements have the name "Waltham" plainly engraved upon them, whatever other of our trade marks, distinctive of grades, may be there.

This notice is rendered necessary by the fact that certain dealers and watch-case makers are in the habit of separating our cases from our movements and putting the cases upon worthless movements made by other manufacturers, and the movements into worthless cases, also made by others than ourselves; thus in both instances making up complete watches which *bear our trade mark upon either the case or movement, under cover of which both kind of watches are fraudulently sold as being entirely of our manufacture.*

We therefore give notice that we assume no responsibility either for the quality of cases that do not bear our trade mark, or for the performance of our own movements put into them, excepting when any fault in performance is clearly traceable to original defect in the movement itself. It is hardly necessary to say that badly made and badly fitting cases are sure to affect injuriously the performance of the watches. Of course we assume no responsibility for movements other than our own, in whatever cases they appear.

We add that there is no necessity for the use of such cases upon the Waltham movements, as there is for their use upon other American movements, the makers of which have no case-factories of their own, we being the only company that produce complete watches. Our genuine cases can always be had when demanded, as they should always be demanded, by those who wish to own a Waltham Watch warranted in every part.

Observe therefore that every genuine Waltham Watch bears our own trade mark in *both case and movement.*

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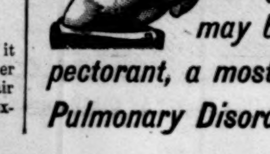

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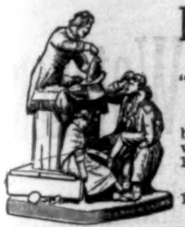

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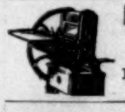

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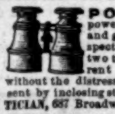

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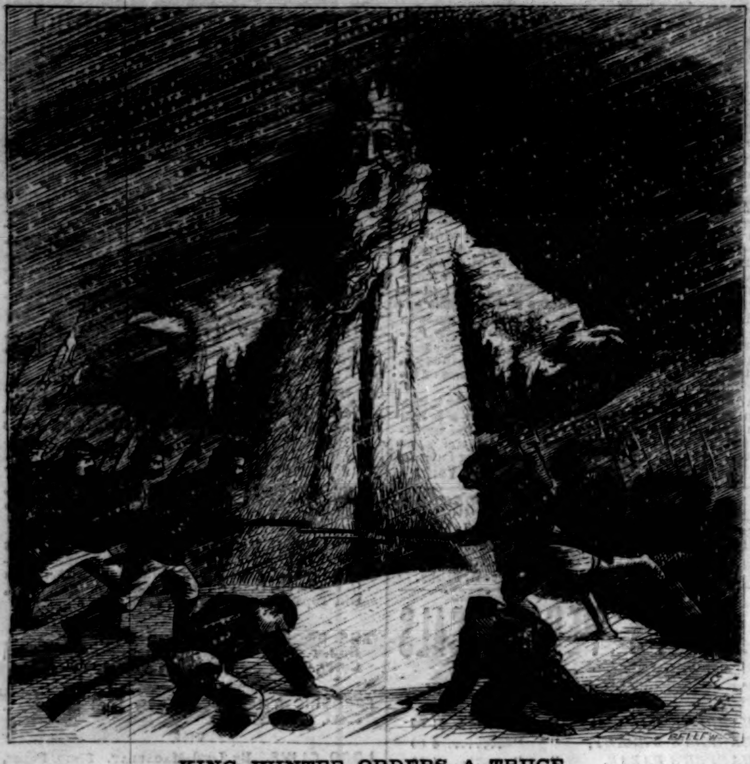

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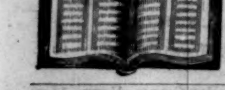

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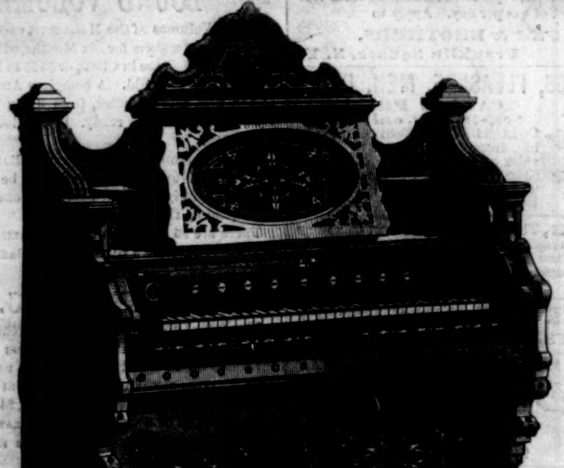

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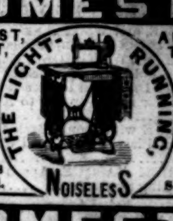

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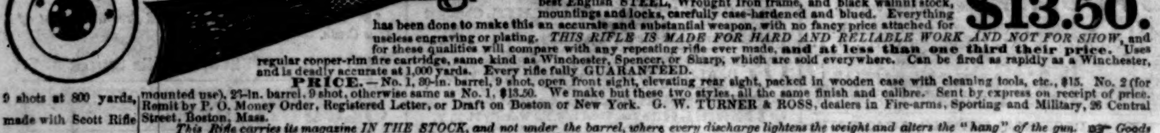

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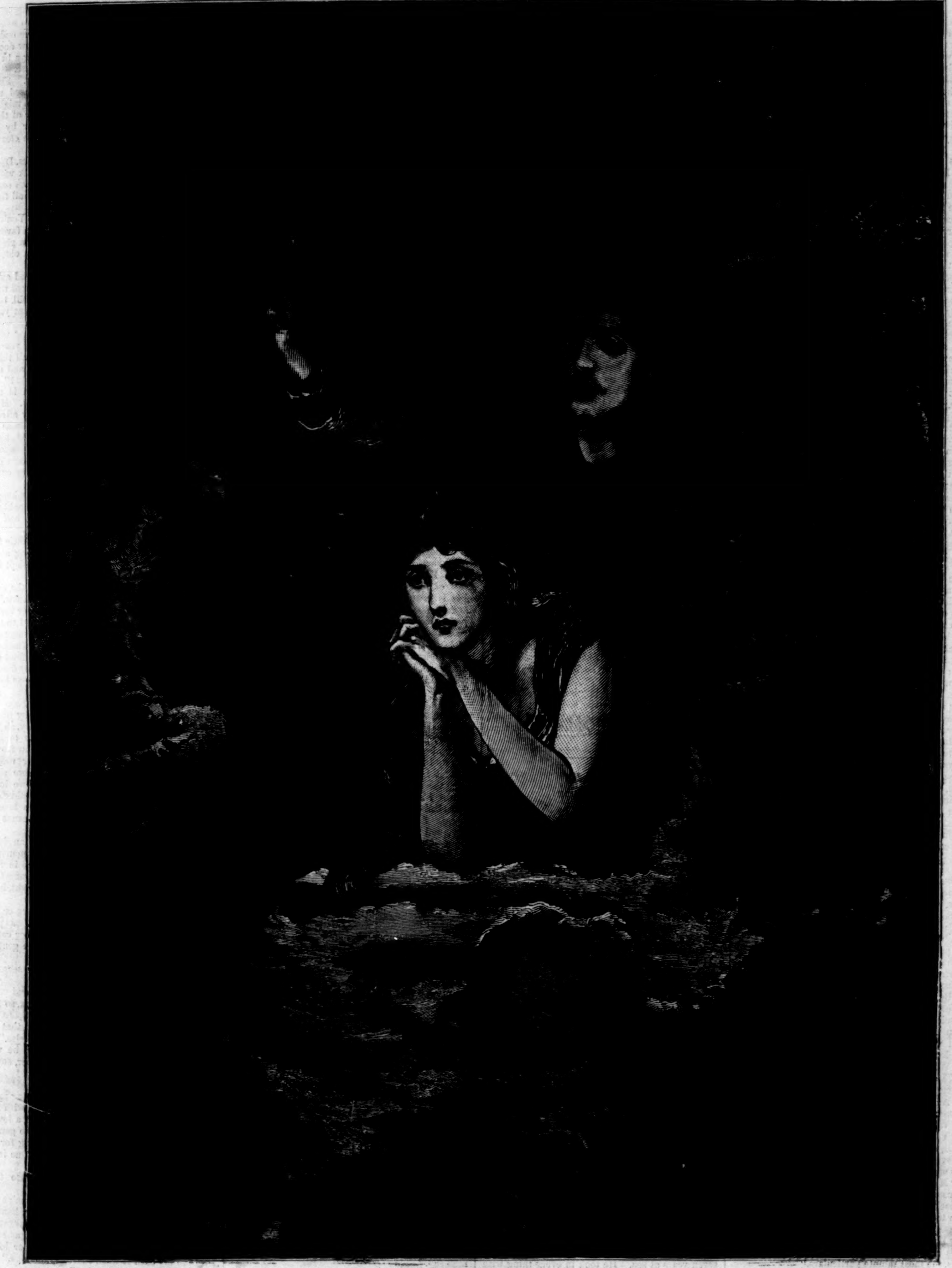


CHRISTMAS MORNING—LISTENING TO THE CHIMES.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

THOU ART THE MAN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "An Open Verdict," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE BOARDS.

Sixty years ago, two years after the battle of Waterloo had wound up the fortunes of the long war, and sent Napoleon to his rocky cage amidst the tropical seas, London was a different London from the metropolis of to-day—a city of narrower streets and more perilous alleys and by-ways, and yet a city with a certain homely comfort and snugness about it that seem to have been left behind in the march of improvement. When the century was young, London was something more than the brilliant focus of commercial enterprise. It was a city in which people lived and died. Tradesmen were not ashamed to make their homes over their shops; brides went forth from the narrow streets to be married in the gray old churches; children were carried to the old stone fonts; men and women worshipped in the tall pews Sunday after Sunday. Now the stern hand of improvement is sweeping away the good old churches. Nobody wants them. Nobody lives in London.

In the London of sixty years ago—Charles Lamb's London—the Drama was a grand institution. Theatres were fewer, and ranked higher in men's minds. Every dramatic event was a great public question. An O.P. riot would be impossible nowadays. Managers may raise or lower their prices as the humor moves them. Nobody cares. There are so many theatres that every man can find a place to suit his inclination and his pocket. People are as fond of the drama as ever, perhaps, but it is no longer a religion, a national pride. When this century was young, the play was almost as much to the Londoner as the old riotous worship of Bacchus was to the Greek when the drama was new born.

Behold the wide circle of eager faces in great Drury Lane, every eye fixed on one man, who holds the audience spell-bound, watchful of his every look and every movement, breathless almost, lest a whisper of his should escape them. There is a silence as in the house of death, an oppressive dumbness, as he glides stealthily across the wide empty stage and plucks aside a curtain that veils the portal of an inner chamber.

He is a small man, lithe, muscular, with close-knit frame. He has a long thin face, black eyes that glow like burning coals, long black hair, which he tosses back from the high wide brow, the brow of a Cæsar, as he pauses for a moment, with the curtain in his hand, and looks toward his audience, but not at them.

It is an attitude to be remembered, that crouching movement, as of a tiger about to spring, the hand clutching the velvet curtain, the head thrust forward, serpent-like, as if a forked sting were about to be darted from those pale parted lips. Then with a sudden spring the man stands erect, tears back the curtain, and looks within.

What does he see? A man and woman sitting at a chess table in a Venetian chamber. The blue waters of the Adriatic, the white pinnacles of distant buildings, shine through the wide arched windows.

They have been playing, but are playing no more. It is all earnest now. The man leans across the table, the woman's hand clasped in his. He looks up into her fair young face with an impassioned gaze, which she returns, yielding and subjugated.

The man lets fall the velvet curtain, totters a few paces forward, and then, with one long despairing cry, drops to the ground like a log.

The act ends with this picture. But that last hoarse cry of the actor dwells with his audience after the curtain has gone down. It was almost too awful for human suffering. It was like the agonized cry of a tortured animal. It was the extreme expression of passion and despair in an utterly savage nature.

The play had taken the town by storm, and the actor, who within the last two years had become suddenly famous, had won new laurels in the part, but it was a tragedy not destined to immortality, and has sunk into the night of oblivion with many of its kind.

But just now this Italian story of Love, Revenge, and Murder, with Michael Elyard in the principal part, was the rage. The play drew crowded houses nightly, and Elyard was declared to have surpassed himself in the character of the Italian husband—an Othello without Othello's nobleness.

In the last act he stabs his false wife in a garden at sunset, and hides the corpse among the rushes that fringe the canal. It was this murder which thrilled the audience, and sent them home, rapturous and awe-stricken, to dream of Elyard's white face and burning eyes, the black elf-locks falling over the pale forehead, the lithe, compact form clad in close-fitting black velvet.

To see him drag his victim from the fountain where he had slain her to the rushes that showed dark against the red light of the setting sun; to see him bend over the fair face, and, in a sudden burst of passion, rain kisses upon the dead brow and cheeks; to see him lift the lifeless corpse upon his knee and try, in a wild madness, to charm it back to life, then fling it from him with a sudden yell of rage at the remembrance of its falsehood; and then to watch his startling movements, his furtive backward glances, the nervous quivering of his muscular limbs as he hid the dreadful thing among the rushes, while the sun sank lower, and the red sky took an intenser red, till all the scene seemed steeped in blood—to see all this was to drink a cup of horror that gave a keener zest to the enjoyment of a convivial meeting and an oyster supper after the play.

To-night there are two men in a box near the stage, who watch the play with expression and bearing so opposite that the difference is something to be remarked. One leans with his arms folded upon the cushion of the box, his chin resting on his arms, and his eyes fixed intently on the scene. He loses not a movement nor a tone of the actors. The other lolls back in his chair and surveys the stage through his eyeglass, attentive, discriminating, critical, but not entranced.

The first is Captain Bywater, of his Majesty's Navy, who has just come ashore after a cruise in the South Seas, and has not seen a stage-play for the last seven years. The second is Phillimore Dorrell, the famous criminal lawyer, who has seen this particular play five times.

The two men are old school-fellows at the Charter-house, and have been dining together at a snug city tavern, where the floor is sanded and the Burgundy is genuine.

Not till the green curtain drops on a maddened suicide does Charles Bywater relax his gaze. Then he lifts his head, pulls himself together with a shiver, as if waking out of a bad dream, and looks absently round the house.

"Well, Charley, what do you think of Elyard in *The Venetian Husband?* A capital piece of acting, isn't it?"

"Acting?" replied the other. "It's not like acting; it's like reality."

"Which all good acting must be."

"Yes; but I have seen good acting before to-night, which was not like this. I could not have believed that any man could do such things as this man does unless he were at heart a murderer."

"My dear fellow, that is to deny the possibility of consummate art. Your true artist imagines himself the being he represents. It is as easy for him to imagine himself a murderer as to imagine himself a hero or a lover."

"Yes, in a broad, abstract way. But this man goes into the littlenesses of crime, the finest details, the most minute particulars."

"His imagination realizes these as readily as the broader outline. It is his wonderful appreciation of detail that makes his performance so masterly and so original. The fact is the man is a genius."

"Do you know him?" asked the sailor, deeply interested.

"Almost as well as I know you. He goes into the best society. He was at Oxford, and is a man of considerable refinement. I supped with him the other night."

"What!" exclaimed the captain; "you ate with him after seeing him in this play? Did not you feel as if you were sitting down with a murderer?"

"Not the least in the world. I felt that I was sitting down with a very agreeable acquaintance. A trifle self-conscious, as most actors are, and rather too fond of talking about his art, but a perfect gentleman, notwithstanding. We had a discussion, by-the-way, after supper, which was peculiarly interesting to me, as a man whose experience has made him unhappily familiar with the physiology of crime."

"What about?"

"About murder. Elyard has an idea that a great many murders are committed in a century which never come to light, the secret of which dies and is buried with the victim of the crime. Now I have just the opposite opinion. It is my fixed belief, founded upon long familiarity with the history of crime, that there is an inherent something in the crime of murder which makes its ultimate discovery inevitable."

"Shakspeare has expressed the same opinion rather more tersely," said Captain Bywater—"Blood will have blood."

"True," assented Mr. Dorrell, vexed at being interrupted in his preamble, "that's Shakspeare's rough-and-ready way of putting it. My theory is that from the moment a man becomes a criminal he becomes a blunderer. He is off the straight track, and is sure to take a wrong step. The murderer is playing the most desperate game a man can play, with all society for his adversaries. The odds against success are terrible. And then there is something in blood that stupefies a man. From the instant he stains his hands he begins to do idiotic things. He buries the body that he should have left unburied, or he leaves it unburied when wisdom would have buried it. His crime has been hidden for a year or more, perhaps, and no finger has been pointed at him, when he takes it into his head all at once that his secret is in danger, and unearths his victim, and is caught with the hideous proof of his crime in his arms. Or when the deed is done, craven fear seizes hold of him, and he flies the scene of his guilt, and so betrays himself; or he keeps some shred or scrap of his victim's garments; or he overacts the part of innocence in some way. Sooner or later his distempered spirit will lead him to some act of besotted idiocy by which the deed he has done will be made clear to men's eyes. He is never safe. Elyard seemed deeply interested in what I told him of my experience in the ways of criminals, but he was not convinced. He clings to the idea that there are murders which justice never hears of."

The afterpiece began, and Phillimore Dorrell hurried off to a convivial supper party, leaving Captain Bywater alone in the box.

"You know my chambers, old fellow," he said at parting. "I shall be glad to see you whenever you can look in."

"That will be pretty often, Phil, depend upon it," answered the other; "but I'm going down to the country for a week or so before I enjoy myself in London."

"To see your people?" inquired Dorrell.

"My people are under the sod, Phil; I shall go and have a look at their graves, and I shall hunt up an old friend or two among the few that I knew in my boyhood."

CHAPTER II.

LOVED AND LOST.

Captain Bywater started by coach early next morning. The scene of his birth was a quiet village among the Buckinghamshire hills, an out-of-the-way rustic place, shut in and sheltered from cold winds and the biting breath of mankind. A cluster of cottages, an old, old church, with a low square tower, and a wonderful sundial for its only ornament, two or three comfortable homesteads, a grange that had once been a grand mansion, and the good old red brick house still known as Squire Bywater's, though the squire had been laid in his grave years ago; and Charley had let the house to an alien family who were said to do nothing for the poor, an accusation which might be taken to mean that they stopped short of giving away the greater part of their substance, and leaving themselves poorer than their pensioners, as the dead-and-gone squire had done.

It was a bright afternoon in May when the sailor alighted from the coach in front of the old inn, a cozy-looking low white house, with a golden sun for a sign, and bright red flower pots in all the windows.

How pretty the dear old village looked in the afternoon sunshine!

What a blessed haven from the cares and struggles of the world, what a calm retreat, what an abode of innocence and peace! The gardens were all bright with blue forget-me-nots and yellow cowslips, roses just bursting into bloom. The last of the violets scented the air. The ruddy fire was glowing in the village forge. Hens were cackling, ducks quacking and splashing in the pond before the inn door. Rosy-cheeked children looked up and grinned at the traveller, as at a being whose arrival was the next best thing to a peep-show.

All this was rapture to the sailor, who had been seven years at sea. He took in every thing with the eager glance of his lively gray eyes, and then he turned away from the inn, and looked long and thoughtfully at the old stone mansion yonder, with its dull, neglected air.

It was a good old Tudor house, standing back from the road, a wide lawn in front of its mullioned windows, two mighty cedars casting their dense shadows on the sun-lit grass, clipped yew hedges, straight walks, and a garden that looked barren and uncared for.

"Old Mr. Leeworthy is still living, I hope?" asked the captain, turning to the innkeeper, with a certain anxiety in his tone.

"Yes, Sir, the old gentleman is still alive. He must be going on for ninety—a wonderful old man; very few like him nowadays. I'm very glad to see you back, Sir, after so long. I hope you are going to make a stay with us, now the war's over. Shall I have your portmanteau taken up stairs, Sir?"

"Yes; I shall be here for a day or two."

"John, take Captain Bywater's portmanteau to the blue room."

Charles Bywater's gaze was still fixed on the old stone house on the opposite side of the village green.

"You've dined on the road, mayhap, Sir?" said his host, "and you'd like a comfortable bit of supper, or a dish of tea."

"You can get me some supper at eight or nine o'clock, eggs and bacon—any thing. I am going over to see old Mr. Leeworthy. His granddaughter is as pretty as ever, I suppose," he added, with an ill-assumed carelessness. All through the journey from London, while the heavy old coach rolled along at a rate that seemed a snail's pace to Captain Bywater's impatience, one image had been shining before the eyes of the traveller—a fair girl's face, radiant with youthful bloom. It had been almost a child's face when he withdrew his eyes from its fresh beauty, five years ago, after the long, lingering gaze of farewell, a sweet face looking up at him in its artless grief, half drowned in tears. To have spoken of his love then would have seemed profanation. He kept his secret, and went away to sea, meaning to come back in a couple of years or so, and plead his cause, fearing no rival in that unsophisticated village, and secure in the belief that Helen Leeworthy cared more for him than for any one else in the world.

A troubled look came over the innkeeper's round face.

"Sure to goodness, captain, you must have heard."

"What? Is she married?"

"No, Sir."

"Dead!" gasped Captain Bywater, with an ashy face.

Oh, he ought to have feared this! Fate is so cruel. And beings so lovely as Helen Leeworthy are the flowers which fall earliest under death's sickle.

"No, Sir, not dead—not that any one knows—but gone."

"Gone! Where and how?"

"That's more than any body has ever been able to find out, Sir. It almost broke old Mr. Leeworthy's heart. He has never been the same man since. He just crawls about the place like the ghost of himself. It's pitiful to see him. His mind is gone. And every thing is neglected—the garden—the house—nobody cares."

"Tell me all—from first to last," said Captain Bywater, putting his arm through the landlord's and leading him away from the inn door to the broad high-road, where there was no one to overhear them. "When did it happen? How? When did she go away? Begin at the beginning."

"Well, Sir, it was two years after you left us, and summer weather, as it might be now, only a good deal later in the year—old Mr. Leeworthy's nephew, the politician, him as you've doubtless heard about taking a leading part in public affairs up in London, he was staying at the Grange when it happened, with his secretary. They'd been there above a month—nigh upon two months I should say, counting from the closing of Parliament—and Mr. Leeworthy (I mean Mr. Thomas Leeworthy, the nephew) was studying hard, and getting up—stat—stat— Well, I'm bothered."

"Statistics," exclaimed the captain, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, go on! What does Mr. Leeworthy's book matter?"

"Well, it has a bearing on the case, you see, Sir. All things have a bearing. Well, Sir, to make a long story short, one fine September morning, when the leaves were just beginning to turn, Miss Leeworthy was missing. There was no letter—not a word—nothing—to tell any body where she had gone, or why she had gone. There was nothing missing out of her room—not so much as a bonnet. But she was gone, and from that hour to this nobody in Clerevale has ever heard of her."

"The secretary," cried Captain Bywater. "What of him? He was young, attractive, perhaps."

"He was young," asserted the landlord, "but he wasn't attractive, leastways not to me. I'd have gone a mile out of my way to avoid meeting him."

"A lady may have thought differently," said the-captain, bitterly.

He saw in this young secretary the clew to the mystery. Lovers' secrets closely kept, an elopement, first Gretna, and then the King's Bench.

"Anyhow, captain, the secretary could hardly have been at the bottom of it. He never budged. His master stopped at the Grange till the end of the year, and he stopped with him. I used to meet him about the village, though I didn't want to do it. A lonesome young man, shut up in his own self, as close as a church on workadays. I never liked the cut of his jib, as you naval gentlemen say."

"Is that all you can tell me, Jarvis?"

"Every syllable."

The captain turned from him without a word, and walked quickly back to the village green, and across the green to the gates of the Grange. That gray and rigid face told of a grief too deep for utterance, a dumb despair deep enough to overshadow a lifetime.

As he drew near the broad iron gate, a sigh of agony broke from those white lips of his. O Heaven, how well he remembered her! It was here, by this gate, they had parted. Could it be forever? He could see the childish face, pure as a lily, the sweet, sad eyes brimming over with tears. And she was gone—perhaps to misery—it might be to shame. Oh, rather than that, let it be death! In time, doubtless, he might come to think with resignation of her lying at rest in some quiet church-yard. But it was madness to think of her disgraced and dishonored; that fair flower, which he had deemed almost too lovely for earth, trampled in the gutter, flung aside to wither, like the vilest weed. He went in at the open gate, along the grass-grown walk, to the low door where he had been used to enter. He rang a bell that sounded dismally, as in an empty house.

The old housekeeper opened the door. She courtesied and smiled, and seemed pleased to see him. It struck him all at once that he might learn more from her than from the master of the house. She was Mr. Leeworthy's junior by a good many years. Her memory would be clearer, and he could question her more freely.

"I have come to see your old master, Mrs. Dill, but I should like to have a few minutes' talk with you first. I've only just come home from sea, and I've heard something that has taken all the joy out of my return."

"I think I know what you mean, Sir. You've heard about Miss Helen. She was always a favorite with you, wasn't she? You were like a playfellow with her, though you were so much older. She loved you like a brother."

"And I loved her as I never have loved and never shall love any other woman," answered the captain. "I tell you my secret, Mrs. Dill, because I want you to speak freely. I want you to help me to find her."

"Find her!" sighed the housekeeper. "Oh, Sir, who can hope for that, after five long years, and after Mr. Thomas Leeworthy doing all that could be done, and he a public man too, and so clever? Who could do more than he could?"

"Love, my good soul, true love, which is as strong as faith, and can move mountains. Mr. Thomas Leeworthy may have been a very affectionate uncle, but he never loved his niece as I love—yes, as I love her. Living or dead, lost or found, she is to me the dearest thing upon earth. And now tell me every circumstance of her disappearance—every suspicion—every conjecture."

Captain Bywater had followed the housekeeper into a little room off the hall, a chilly-looking disused parlor, where the very furniture had a phantasmal look, like a dream of the past.

"Lord bless your heart, Sir, there is so little to tell! We went to her room one morning and found her gone—the bed had not been slept in—she must have gone overnight."

"Did she go to her room that night at the usual hour? You are early people here, I know."

"Well, Sir, that's a thing that has never been quite clear to my mind. Miss Helen used to be fond of walking out alone those fine summer evenings, while her grandpapa and Mr. Thomas sat over their port. Both gentlemen are fond of a good bottle of port, you know, Sir. They dined at five, and they used to sit a long time—as late as nine o'clock sometimes—and then the old gentleman would go to bed, and Mr. Thomas would smoke his pipe on the lawn, all by himself, or with Mr. Elphinstone, his secretary, as it might happen. And miss usen't always to go back to the dining-room after she came in from her walk. She'd go straight up to her room sometimes, and sit and read there before she went to bed. Now on the night before we lost her it happened that neither I nor the maid saw her go up stairs to her room. It was a lovely evening. I remember it particularly, because it was such a red sunset."

Captain Bywater shivered. It was an idle thought to come into his mind at such a moment, but there flashed upon him that picture in the theatre last night—the body hidden among the rushes, the whole scene steeped in red light, like blood.

"No, Sir, nobody saw her come in-doors or go up stairs to her room that night; and if I was put upon my oath I couldn't say that she ever came back to the house after she left the two gentlemen sitting at their wine."

"Where was this Mr. Elphinstone, the secretary, that night?"

"At his work in the study, copying and compiling for Mr. Thomas Leeworthy's book, so far as I know, Sir."

"So far as you know. That means that he may just as easily have been any where else."

"I could take my oath as to where he was from nine to ten," said the housekeeper, somewhat offended.

"How is that?"

"Because I saw him from my sitting-room window walking up and down the lawn with Mr. Thomas Leeworthy. It was moonlight, a lovely night after a lovely evening, and the two gentlemen were walking up and down talking for an hour. The clock struck ten as they came in to go to bed."

"Mr. Elphinstone slept in the house that night?"

"Yes, Sir, I'm certain of that. If you've got the notion that Mr. Elphinstone had any hand in Miss Helen's running away you're quite mistaken. If there was a lover at the bottom of it, as some folks say, it must have been some other lover. I'll take my oath it wasn't Mr. Elphinstone."

"Why are you so certain?"

"Because she hated him."

"How do you know that?"

"I could see it in all her ways. Perhaps hatred is too harsh a word to use about any one so gentle as Miss Helen. She could hardly have hated any one if she had tried ever so hard. But I've seen her shrink from him, and avoid him in a way that was almost cruel. I've seen him stung by it, too, though he was a proud young man, that seldom let any one see what he felt. As to any thing like a love affair between those two, it isn't possible."

"Who, then, could have lured her away? Was any one else ever suspected?"

"Lord! no, Sir. Mr. Elphinstone was the only young man that ever crossed this threshold, except Mr. Chipping, the doctor, with a wife and five children, and a wart on his nose."

"How did Elphinstone behave when Miss Lee worthy's disappearance was discovered?" asked Captain Bywater, still harping on the secretary.

"He was the only one of us that seemed to keep his senses. He was as calm and quiet as could be, ready to make himself useful in any way. He rode over to the market town before twelve o'clock, to set the constables at work. He was riding about all over the country for the next fortnight. If Miss Helen had been his sister, he couldn't have worked harder, or have seemed more anxious, which was very good of him, considering that poor Miss Helen had never taken kindly to him."

"Was there nothing discovered—not a trace of her?"

"No, Sir, nothing was ever found; nothing was ever heard. People had their fancies: some said gypsies; some said Gretna Green. But a sweet, innocent young lady of seventeen can't go off to Gretna Green by herself, can she, Sir? Some talked about the river, but the poor dear wouldn't have come to harm that way unless she'd thrown herself in; and why should she do that? God bless her, there wasn't a happier young lady in the county! Ah, Sir, if you could have heard her talk of you! She loved you truly. When we had stormy weather she used to come to my room looking so unhappy, and say, 'Oh! Mrs. Dill, mustn't it be dreadful for those at sea? I sha'n't sleep to-night for thinking of shipwrecks.' And I know she has spent many a wakeful night for your sake, Sir, thinking of your danger and praying for you."

"And I have thought of her in storm and in calm," said the captain. "Have you told me every thing, Mrs. Dill—every thing?"

"Yes, Sir; there isn't a word more to be said. Five long years have come and gone, and we have heard nothing about her. We've left off hoping. The old gentleman is getting a little weak in his head. You won't get much out of him."

"Do you know what became of this Elphinstone? Is he still with Mr. Leeworthy?"

"No, Sir. He staid till the end of the year, and then Mr. Leeworthy's book was finished, and Mr. Elphinstone left him. Mr. Thomas had only hired him to help with the book. He was a very learned young man, I believe. I heard say that he went abroad after he left Mr. Thomas."

Captain Bywater went to the cedar parlor to pay a duty visit to old Squire Leeworthy. He found the owner of the Grange sitting by a fire, for the fresh May breezes were sharp enough to find out the weak points in his ancient anatomy. He wore a black velvet skull-cap on the top of his silver locks, and had an ivory-handled cane at his side, with which to rap the floor when he wanted attendance. He was the shrunken ruin of a man who had once been handsome, commanding, and aristocratic.

"Fine weather, Sir! What do you mean by talking about fine weather, when the wind's in the east?"

"I haven't looked at the weather-cock, squire."

"Weather-cock be hanged, Sir! When you're half as old as I am you'll want no weather-cock to tell you where the wind is. You'll be your own weather-cock. The east wind finds out every joint in my body. I can feel it in my knees, in my elbows, in my wrists even. The lubricating oil is exhausted, Sir. I'm dried up and shrivelled, and there's nothing left in me to resist the cold. Let me see, you're Charles Bywater, the lad that went to sea."

"Yes, Sir, I am Charles."

"Didn't I tell you so?" cried the old man, testily. "You're Charley, and you would go to sea. They couldn't keep you at home. Your uncle was a soldier—captain in the Forty-ninth Foot. Yes, and he was killed at Corunna. Where did I tell you he was killed? Ha! at Corunna. Yes, he was killed at Corunna, you know." The captain tried to look grateful for this information. "Your mother was an uncommonly pretty woman—a little fair woman. I remember her well. She was a Vernon, and had money—yes, she had money. I remember the bells being rung when your father brought her home. Yes, foolish thing that bell-ringing; the ringers always want money and beer—lots of beer. Your father gave them beer, I dare say. I remember your father too—a fine-made man, broad-shouldered, straight as an arrow. You'll never be so good-looking as your father. Young men never are. The race is degenerating, Sir. The human species will be hideous in a generation or two, and every way inferior. I'm glad I sha'n't be here to see 'em."

"I have heard the sad news about your granddaughter, Sir," said Captain Bywater, gravely.

It pained him to hear the old man twaddling on without a thought of the lost one.

"Yes, very sad—naughty girl. She's given us a great deal of anxiety. If it hadn't been for that estimable young man, El—El—Elphindean—"

"Elphinstone."

"Yes, Elphinstone. I never could remember names. If it hadn't been for Elphindom, we shouldn't have known what to do. But he was indefatigable—made every inquiry, searched in every direction."

"And found no trace of her?"

"No; that was unfortunate. And now, let me see, it must be nearly a year since she went."

"It is five years, Sir."

"Five years, bless my soul! How short the years are when we are going down hill to our graves!"

After this Captain Bywater could not endure any more of the old man's society. He took a civil leave of him, and went out to explore familiar scenes. Great Heaven, with what a heavy heart! Far away, amidst tropical seas, under the southern cross, he had pictured to himself the joy of this return, fancied the delight of revisiting each favorite spot, with Helen by his side. He had come back, and all was gloom.

He bent his steps toward a gate that opened out of the Grange garden into a foot-path that led through some meadows—park-like meadows, with good old trees overshadowing the grass, and giving beauty to the landscape. This meadow path led to the banks of a narrow winding river. The foot-path and the river-bank had both been favorite walks of Helen's. How often had Charles Bywater met her there! how often had he walked with her beside the silvery unpolluted stream!

The sun was sinking as he came through the last meadow to the river-side. The light was crimson behind the long line of rush and mallow and wild entanglement of weeds that edged the stream.

Again there flashed back upon his mind that scene in the theatre last night—the red light behind the reeds, revenge and murder.

How lonely the scene was in that fading light! He lingered there, pacing slowly along the narrow path, till the last low streak of crimson melted into gray, and in all that time he had not met a creature, or seen a human figure in the distance, or heard any voice more human than the hoot of a far-off owl making its melancholy moan to the swift-coming night. What deed of darkness might not be done in a spot like this, unsuspected, buried in impenetrable night!

Charles Bywater left that river path with a feeling of indescribable melancholy. He could not dissociate the scene with the mystery of Helen Leeworthy's fate. It had been her favorite walk. She had come here, perhaps, on that last night, and some ruffian, some loathsome brute in human shape, with a wild beast's ferocity and a man's cunning, had met her in the September sunset, alone, helpless, remote from the aid of man. He fancied her in the clutches of such a wretch, like some sweet struggling bird in the talons of a hawk. Her poor little purse with its slender stock of money, her girlish trinkets, would be enough to tempt such a brute to murder. A knife drawn quickly across the fair round throat, one faint gurgling cry, and then the splash of a body flung to the river rats and all foul things that dwell in the nooks and crannies of the reedy bank.

"Yes, I believe she was murdered," thought Captain Bywater. "It was not in that gentle spirit to be reckless of the feelings of others. If it were possible that she could leave her home in an unmaidenly fashion, it is not possible that she could leave her poor old grandfather to grieve in ignorance of her fate. She was always thoughtful of others." The impression was so strong upon him to-night at this spot that it was almost as if he had seen the deed done. The picture was as vivid to his mental vision as that other picture which he had seen last night on the stage of Drury Lane.

"What comes of Dorrell's theory that every murder is discovered?" he asked himself, bitterly. "Here is some low village ruffian who has cunning enough to keep the secret of his crime. He swoops like a hawk upon his victim, and flies off like a hawk to unknown skies. A wretch, perhaps, who could not write his name, and yet had cleverness enough to cheat the gallows."

He walked slowly back to the village green, and the inn where his supper was waiting for him.

"I would give a good deal to see the secretary," he thought. "His superior intelligence might assist me. Yet if he could do nothing to unravel the mystery while it was still fresh in men's minds, is it likely he could throw any light upon it now?"

The landlord of the Sun waited on Captain Bywater while he ate his simple supper—a meal to which he did scanty justice. He had eaten nothing since noon, yet the tender young chicken and the home-cured ham were as tasteless as dust and ashes.

"You're looking very ill, Sir," said the host. "I'm afraid it's been a shock to you hearing about poor Miss Leeworthy."

"It has, Jarvis. I had known her from a child, remember."

"All the village had known her from a child," said Mr. Jarvis. "I think it seemed to all of us as if we'd lost one of our own."

"You told me you would have gone out of your way to avoid meeting Mr. Elphinstone, the secretary," said the captain, pushing away his plate, and throwing himself back in his chair. "Why was that? Was there any thing repulsive about the man?"

"Well, no, Sir, I can't take upon myself to say he was repulsive. He looked the gentleman. He was a neat dresser, he had a good foot and ankle, carried himself well, and was civil-spoken enough whenever he condescended to open his lips to any of us villagers, which wasn't often. But there was something inside me that turned against him, somehow, just as one man's stomach will turn against a dish that another man relishes. There was something in his dark eye that gave me a chilly feeling when he looked at me."

"Should you call him a handsome man?"

"Far from it, Sir. He was small and insignificant. You could have passed him by in a crowd without taking notice of him if you hadn't happened to meet his eye. That would have fixed you."

"There was something serpent-like in it, perhaps?"

"Yes, Sir; cold, and still, and stealthy, and yet piercing."

"Did he bear a good character while he was with you?"

"I never heard any one speak against him, but he was no favorite. He was one of those well-behaved young men that nobody likes."

This was all that Captain Bywater could hear about Mr. Thomas Leeworthy's secretary. He bade good-by to Clerevale next morning, and the coach carried him back to London. The scenes of his boyhood had become hateful to him. Every thing was darkened by the shadow of his irreparable loss.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRICKS IN THE WINE TRADE.

HAMBURG has long enjoyed a notoriety for the manufacture of sherry—a merely fictitious article, in which no real sherry has any existence, but which, imported to this country, passes muster as genuine wine. Latterly, to the discredit of France, false wines have been largely fabricated and vended in that country; for it is as easy (if not easier) to imitate French wines as the wines of Spain or Portugal. It is well known to persons in France that Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, bears a bad name as having been the first to set the evil example of a systematic adulteration of French wines, white and red. Lorraine, Alsace, and Luxembourg are notoriously the seat of a very extensive manufacture of spurious wines, some of which owe nothing whatever to the vine. Imitations of the most renowned brands of Champagne, such as Roederer or Clicquot, are here concocted from rhubarb juice and carbonic acid, made cheap and sold dear. Light clarets, strong St. Georges, Macon, and the rough red Roussillon can be turned out to suit all tastes merely by refermenting squeezed grape husks that have already done duty, in company with the coarse sugar extracted from potatoes. Various coloring matters are added, such as caramel, cochineal, and the more formidable fuchsine, and the highly tinted compound is ready for the market.

Narbonne, nestling amidst her vineyards, is not much behind northern Nancy in audacious falsification of the strong natural wines that form the staple of her trade. It has long been the custom with these south of France wine-growers to press the grapes a second time, with the addition of some water, and to brew a light, thin, vinous liquor, which was doled out in rations to the farm servants or sold at an exceedingly low rate. It has lately occurred to them that this second-hand commodity, dosed with tartaric acid, thickened with treacle, and artificially colored, would pass muster with heedless consumers as good ordinaire; and as good ordinaire, or wine of the plains, it is accordingly vended. First-class and even second-class wines, it is well to bear in mind, are invariably the vintage of some hill-side or mountain slope, but even the low-lying vineyards of a wine-growing country yield a growth which has deservedly a good name with buyers of moderate means. This good name, unfortunately, the land-owners and métayers of Southern France seem resolved to throw away in their hurry to be rich.

What most perturbs not merely the doctors and scientific men of France, but the French government as well, is the deleterious character of the coloring matters employed in palming off mock or inferior wines on the unwary public. The syndicate of Narbonne have formally complained to the Minister of Agriculture that Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish wines, all colored by elderberries, enter freely into France. But the growers of the Narbonne district have themselves learned to make liberal use of the elderberry and of other ingredients less innocuous. Fuchsine, which is extracted from coal-tar, and of which immense quantities are employed, is the agent in the worst repute; but it imparts a fine ruby red, and is therefore in high favor. Fuchsine, which is prepared by adding arsenical acid to aniline, is admitted on all hands to be poisonous, although the authorities have as yet hesitated to take vigorous action with regard to its abuse.

There are other coloring principles less dangerous than fuchsine, but still injurious to health, which are in daily requisition for the manipulation of wines. There is caramel, an extract of mallow; pink althæa; Mexican cochineal; rosaline, derived from tar; colorine; and many a fantastically named essence, sometimes of vegetable, sometimes of mineral or even animal origin. The ammoniacal cochineal which gives so brilliant a dye to the scarlet cloth of an officer's uniform is decidedly inappropriate as an adjunct to wine. Each ounce of cochineal, it should be known, represents several thousands of cochineal insects boiled down to a pulp, and was once excessively dear. It is cheaper now; and in the July of last year a single grocer of Narbonne sold ten thousand francs' worth of this scarlet color to wine-growers of the village of Odeillan alone, for the artificial tinting of poor and pale wines.

M. Paul Massot has taken the leading part in a crusade for the repression of the new frauds in the wine manufacture, and has been able to lay before the government a mass of authentic evidence on the subject. It was proved, for instance, by careful analysis, that a quart of one especial kind of wine, reddened by elderberry juice, contained no less than half an ounce of alum. It was proved, also, that the red extract of coal-tar, known as grenate, and formerly flung away as refuse, now commands a high price as an ingredient in the composition of that fuchsine which is now tossed by the hundred-weight into wine vats.

The best and readiest means of detecting the presence of artificial coloring in wines, we owe to the ingenuity of M. Didelot, a chemist in Nancy. A tiny ball of gun-cotton supplies us with the necessary test. Dip it in a glass of the suspected wine, then wash it, and it will resume its whiteness if the wine be pure; if not, it will retain the ruddy color due to the treacherous fuchsine. The addition of a few drops of ammonia gives us a violet or a greenish hue when vegetable matters have been made use of to impart the desired color.

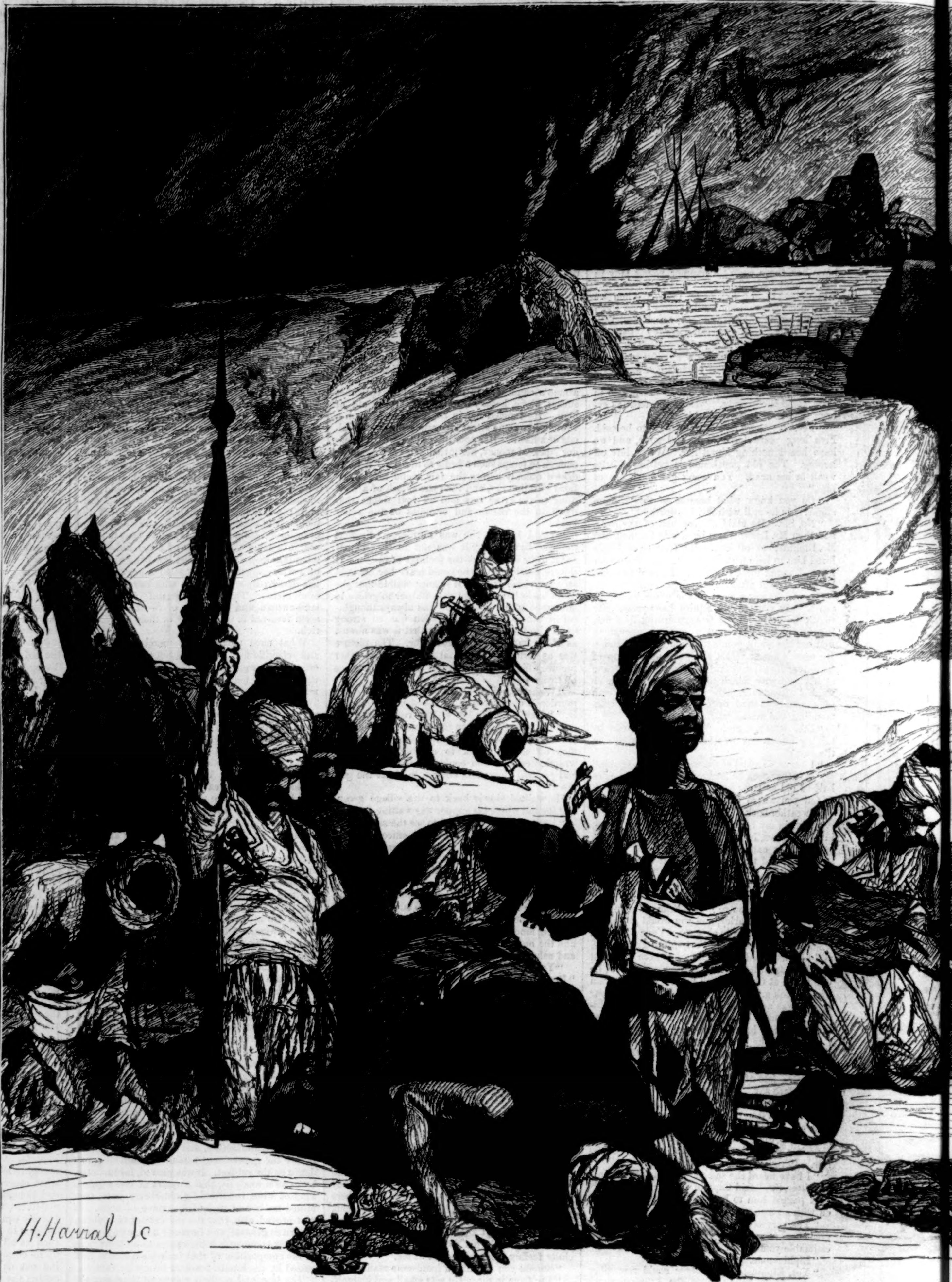
Other and more elaborate tests on a larger scale have been devised; and with the aid of acids and ethers of peroxide of manganese, and notably of chloroform, the tricks of the wine-forger have been completely exposed. Even benzine forms, with fuchsine and its fellows, a red jelly that swims on the surface of the discolored liquor, and, by skillfully conducted processes, a precipitate varying in color can in every instance be obtained. It is to be hoped that before long the adulteration, by means of fuchsine at all events, will be effectually checked. It must be remembered that growers and dealers were probably in the first instance quite unaware of the dangerous nature of the convenient drug which gave so tempting an appearance to their stock in trade; but publicity, and the recent seizures of falsified wines which have taken place at Paris, Nancy, and Perpignan, may probably serve to enlighten them upon the subject.

ON DIGNITY.

THE people who live on their dignity are seldom to be found absent from their domain—never to be caught wandering into the regions of common-sense and simplicity, of good-natured allowance of small neglects, and the broad belief that it was not meant, with that still broader, if it were it did not signify, and as we all have to put up with our little affronts, why not I as well as another? To be on dignity is to be always on guard, armed *cap-a-pie*, and the arrow neatly fitted into the string—always in a state of suspicion that lions are roaming in the way, specially consecrated to the task of affronting that sacred dignity when they come on the track. This standing on one's dignity runs through the whole of a man's life, and never for one moment lets him forget what he possesses, or the respect due to his merits. The humility which takes the lower place is a virtue highly commendable in other people, but the self-respect which takes that to which he has a right is the quality which those of us who stand on our dignity prefer for our own parts, and we are sure to believe that we have the right to the best of every thing. If by chance any obtrusive third comes in and acts out his own self-respect in our line, then the war that ensues is a sight for men to laugh at, if perhaps the angels might be sorrowful, as we are told they are when they witness human folly.

Dignity is always raising up difficulties where none would exist, and as often making other people uncomfortable, or, at least, giving them unnecessary disappointments. Are you a singer, oh, my dignified friend, with a voice that the world at large would love to hear, or perhaps already loves? and do you find yourself one among many who have gathered together to spend a pleasant, informal, peaceful little evening, where finery is not and simplicity is? You are all in the garden under the vine-trellised arbor, where the voice would be heard to perfection, and where the soft warm air precludes all idea of cold or discomfort; but you have too much dignity to sing a simple air for the enjoyment of a few kindly natured folks who want to be amused, and are not critical as to methods. You must have your piano and your own accompanist, your stage lights and your studied attitudes; you can not sit then in your chair and "turn a tune" as the humblest creature in the world, who has a voice of three notes, good temper, and no dignity, is able to do. But you like the position of being begged and prayed and made much of, with the consciousness that it gives you of being somebody of consequence—somebody on whom all eyes are fixed, and who stops the whole social wheel for the moment. You like to be entreated and to refuse, as Dives might refuse Lazarus; and you air your dignity in the process, and get by it what you mainly desire—the sense of importance for yourself, and the disappointment of the rest as the tribute paid to it. Do you rejoice in fine execution, and a touch the brilliancy of which has earned you a local reputation as if you were another Schumann or Berlioz? You will not lower your accomplishment to that level, you say with pride, when asked to play in private with less than perfection in the instrument and science in the audience. The piano is a tin kettle, and the people are too stupid to know good music from bad; an Italian organ-grinder from the streets would please them just as much, and you have Scriptural warranty for it that throwing pearls before swine is a work of neither profit nor pleasure.

Dignity seldom goes out for a holiday, and never goes off guard. It is always to be found at its post, watchful, vigilant, prepared to take the offensive as well as to defend itself should the smallest occasion arise. It can not believe in the innocent intentions of its friends, but uses its brains as well as its time in suspicions which discover nothing but the assertion of its own importance. A word, a look, carelessly given, thoughtlessly spoken, wounds it to the quick; and what others would pass by as not worth a second thought, this irritable and irrational dignity maintains to be cause sufficient for a quarrel. Dignity can not make shifts as meaner folks are obliged to do, nor put up with inconveniences such as all must bear at times; it can not hold up its corner of the common burden without crying out on the injustice of man and fate, and calling the world to witness to its martyrdom or its degradation. Give dignity, even when hungry, potatoes in their skins, served in a wooden bowl and with a three-pronged fork to eat them with, and it holds itself either mortally affronted or heroically patient that it accepts such undeserved contemptuousness of circumstance. In its secret, silly heart it holds that its life and fate should be ruled in another way, and of quite a different pattern from what other people are obliged to put up with; and with this these creatures hold that when they bear a common misfortune or inconvenience with the rest, they bear it doubly, suffer doubly, and are doubly to be pitied. Are they not dignified? and has not their dignity been wounded? You, poor pachyderm, without any to wound, have less to bear, and are therefore less to be pitied. Evidently, they say with triumph, the world must accept their reading. Men, women, and the dignified—this is their classification of humanity; and they stick to it manfully.



WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA—AT

THE TURKS IN ASIA.

The three important battles that preceded the fall of Kars were those at Aladja Dagh, Devi Boyun, and Azizi. At these points Mukhtar Pasha sustained a series of defeats that finally led to the surrender of the fortress. About noon on the 14th of October some Kurdish horse brought in word that a strong body of Russians were advancing by the Digor and Orlok road to the rear of the Aladja Dagh. Mukhtar Pasha, fearing the temporary severance of his communications—for nothing could persuade him that an attack was to be made by the enemy in force—detached Hadji Raschid Pasha, with two field batteries and one mountain battery, twelve battalions of infantry, and 2000 cavalry, to oppose this movement. Ghazi Mahomed, the son of Schamyl, was in command of the horse. The attack was cleverly designed and well executed. The Russian troops, taken in flank, were thrown into confusion, and for some moments it appeared as if the Moslems would annihilate them, so fierce was their onslaught and so complete the surprise of their opponents. The gallantry of the Russian leaders, however, speedily quelled the panic of their men. In obedience to an order given by the officer in command they rapidly changed front, and, occupying a ridge running between Bazarjik and Orlok, defied all the efforts of Raschid Pasha to dislodge them. In the mean time there was no movement in the Karajal camp to betoken a simultaneous attack in front, so that the Turkish commander, feeling content with the fact that Raschid had checked the turning movement, did no more than keep up a spirited cannonade on the Yagni hill.

In the morning, however, it was seen that the troops at Karajal had not been idle; the Yagni was very strongly held, while a column of twenty battalions, with two batteries and four regiments of cavalry, were seen in the direction of Hadjiveli, while at the same time a third detachment of eight battalions occupied Sabatan. This last force commenced a very heavy fire on the head-quarters camp, while the Hadjiveli column moved on toward the Olya Tepe, which at 9 A.M. they commenced to assault. The four battalions holding it fought with great courage, and repulsed every attack. Time after time the Russians doggedly climbed the steep smooth slopes of the hill, but only to be hurled down by the impetuous charges of the defenders above. Fearing he should be cut off if the Olya Tepe fell, Mukhtar Pasha detached a brigade of five columns to re-enforce the brave garrison, while he himself, abandoning his camp, retired across the Bolanik stream to the Sevi Tepe, the hill between Orlok and the Vezinkui. At 1 P.M. on the 15th, within an hour of the Turkish commander-in-chief's reaching his new position, a panic occurred among the men composing the five battalions sent to re-enforce the Olya Tepe. For some unaccountable reason they broke and fled while in the act of ascending the rear face of the hill. The scare seems to have spread, for in a few moments the brave men who had so nobly withstood the repeated assaults of the Russians for six hours dashed headlong down the hill, which was immediately occupied by the enemy. The Russians at once pushed forward the greater part of their division through Bolanik on the Nalband Tepe, thus completely cutting off the Turkish main camp on the Aladja Dagh from Kars. Seeing themselves surrounded, a frightful panic ensued; Circassians and Kurds charged madly down the Bolanik ravine, and endeavored to escape. Many succeeded in cutting their way through the Cossacks now pressing up from Hadjiveli, and, overtaking Mukhtar Pasha's infantry, communicated the panic to them. The contagion spread. *Sauve qui peut* was the universal cry, and a wild rush was made for Kars.

From Kars Mukhtar Pasha telegraphed the news of his disaster to Ismail Pasha, who was directed to retire at once on Kuprikui. This retrograde movement caused much surprise in his camp, for on the 16th, hearing a salute of 121 guns in the Russian camp, Kurd Ismail, to calm the minds of his men, who were somewhat disturbed at this untoward occurrence, gave out that the salute was to announce the coronation of the Czarowitz, who had been proclaimed by the Panslavist party, and that Alexander had been dethroned and exiled. The following morning, the 17th, Ismail received Mukhtar's dispatch; but in order to hide the bad news from his men, he illuminated the head-quarters camp, and published an order that it was to celebrate a victory in the Shipka Pass, where 50,000 Russians had laid down their arms to Suleiman Pasha! At break of day on the 19th Ismail detached six battalions, with three field and six mountain guns, to Bayazid, while he himself, with twenty-two battalions only (six had previously been detached to Kars), commenced his retreat, reaching Kara Kilissa on the evening of the 22d. Prior to his march he collected all his spare ammunition carts, tents, etc., and destroyed them. At Kara Kilissa, where large dépôts of provisions had been collected, Ismail, finding he was not being hotly pursued, set fire to all commissariat stores, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the Russians. It was not until the 20th that Tergukassoff followed in pursuit, first detaching a column to capture Bayazid from the camping ground of Ipeck-yal. On the 25th he reached Zedikan, and there was joined by two regiments of dragoons detached by Heimann from the Soghanli for the purpose of attacking Ismail in the defiles of Delibaba; but the Kurdish chief had crossed these mountains in two columns by the Taikhojah and Delibaba passes. The length of these columns and the extreme badness of the roads, however, enabled the Russian cavalry to attack the rear-guard of the Taikhojah detachment, which, however, stood firm, and after a sharp engagement repulsed the dragoons with some slaughter. On the 27th both columns reached Amrakom, a small village on the right bank of the Araxes, about one hour from the "Tchoban Kupri," the junction of the Kars and Bayazid roads. The following morning, continuing his march, the Kurdish chief was enabled to effect a junction with Ghazi Mukhtar Pasha at the village of Kuprikui. Immediately after the arrival of the right wing, the commander-in-chief, leaving Ismail Hakki in command, with instructions to fall back, when his men were sufficiently rested, to Hassankale, set out himself to inspect the works on the Devi Boyun. The demoralized condition of his own men and the reduced state of Ismail's forces compelled him to abandon all thought of making a stand in the newly erected works at Kuprikui, and the determined advance of the Russians left Mukhtar no choice but to fall back on the "Camel's Neck," and there await the Russians. At four o'clock on the evening of the 28
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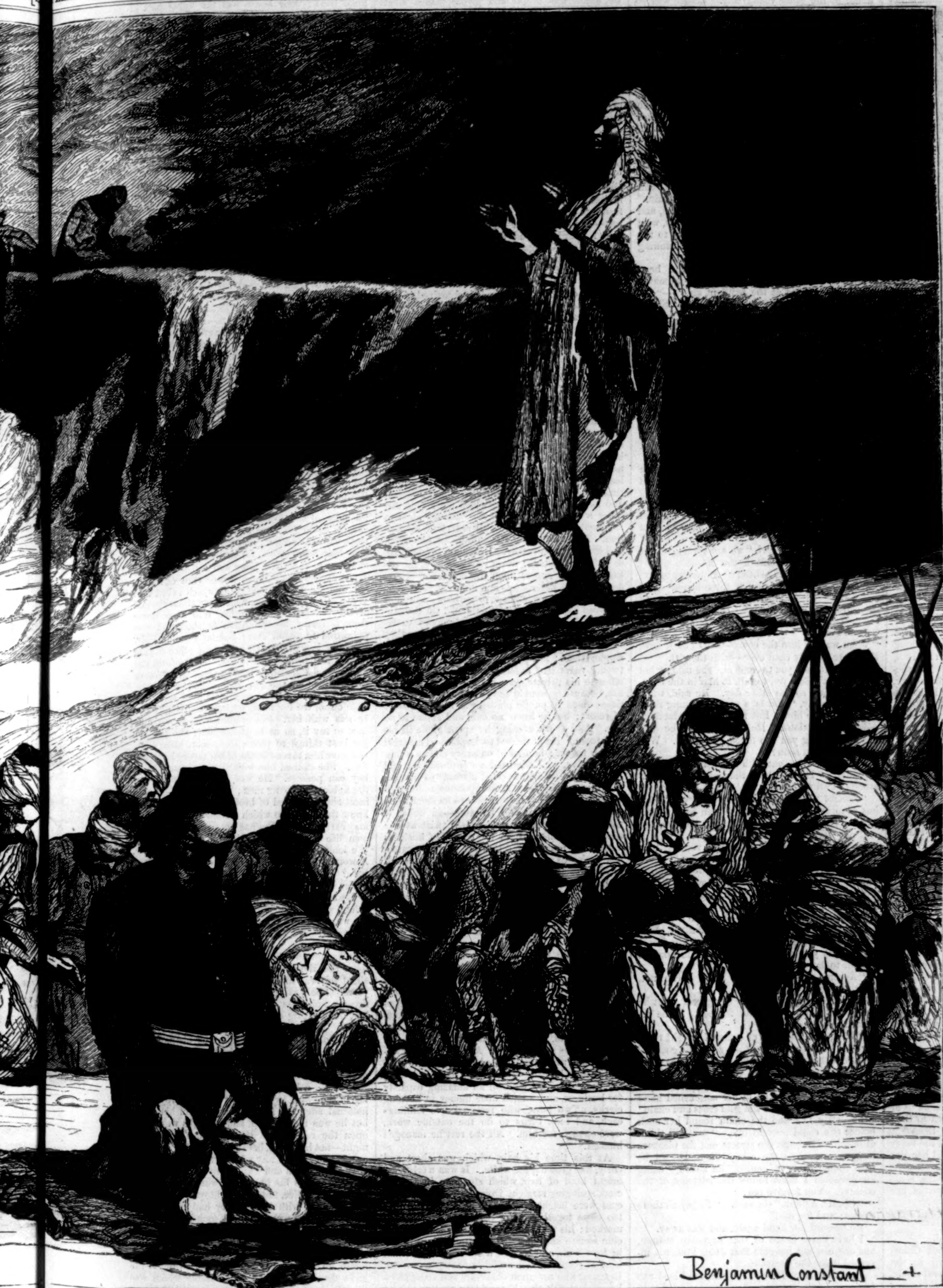

—AT SUNSET BEFORE THE BATTLE.

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did not attempt to ascend the hill, but lay down and waited the turn of events, while the other two columns, pushing on, attacked the right wing under the command of Kurd Ismail Pasha, and the left under Capitan Mehmed Pasha. The latter officer's brigade was holding a rocky eminence, which commanded the whole line. Seeing that the fall of this would enable them to enfilade the Turkish front, the Russians made the most strenuous efforts to capture it. An assaulting column was formed, and under cover of a well-directed fire from three batteries, commenced the ascent, but by 9 A. M. it had been driven back in complete disorder. The gallant Prussian's losses had been most severe, and on seeing the second attack develop itself he applied to the Mushir for re-enforcements. Ill could he spare them, for the central column, finding that the flanks of the Ottoman army were being hardly pressed, was slowly pushing forward. Nevertheless, seeing the dire extremity to which his lieutenant was being put, Mukhtar detached three battalions and two batteries to his left. Inspired by the sight of these re-enforcements, Mehmed Pasha's men gallantly repulsed a second assault at the point of the bayonet before the aid reached; and then, strengthening his infantry forces on the crest by two of the new battalions, he placed the third, with the guns, on a small elevation flanking his own front. Capitan Mehmed Pasha saw that it was necessary at all hazards to check this attack, for success on its part would cut off the troops in the Giurji Boghaz defile from the main army, and enable the Russians to advance *via* Tsitawank into the plains of Erzerum. By 1 P. M. a third assault had been attempted and repulsed. With this the Russians appear to have drawn off their forces, and contented themselves with keeping up a desultory artillery fire on Mehmed Pasha's position. In the mean time Faizi Pasha (General Kohlmann) was holding his own on the right near the village of Topalack. A heavy cannonade was being carried on between him and the Russian left column, which annoyed him greatly, causing heavy losses; but in no case was an attack pressed home.

About 1.30 P.M. the guns with the central Russian column, numbering about eight batteries, advanced, accompanied by a cavalry division of not less than 12,000 men. The Turks, lying still while the storm of shot and shell hurtled over their heads, allowed the horsemen to advance until, screening their own artillery from view, the Russian guns were perforce silenced, when Mukhtar Pasha at once ordered eight battalions to advance and drive the cavalry back. Fixing bayonets as they dashed over the intrenchments, and uttering loud cries of "Allah ul Allah!" the Turkish infantry poured down the hill, firing as they went. They were met by a steady fusillade from a brigade of dismounted dragoons. This, however, only had the effect of urging them on, and soon the whole force were a thousand yards from their intrenchments, close down on the village of Nabi-Kui. On the crest all stood breathless. The ground about the cavalry was too broken for them to act freely, and their annihilation seemed certain, for, dashing down the hill at a hand-gallop, went two batteries of Turkish artillery to aid in the delightful work of pounding the Muscovite horse. Suddenly from either flank of a ravine running down into the Nabi-Tchai stream came the reverberation of infantry fire. The battalions paused, turned about, and commenced a wild fusillade toward the hills on the right and left, from which were seen advancing heavy bodies of Russian infantry, a portion even coming between the Turks and their eight battalions. Panic-stricken, these men turned and fled in wild confusion up the narrow roadway and over the steep hill-side, in frantic haste to reach the safety of their intrenchments. The Russians, too, dashing forward at a run, tried to head them back, while the dragoons, charging up ground which seemed impossible for horsemen, completed the rout. Many hundred Turks sullenly threw down their arms and silently surrendered themselves prisoners; others, turning at bay, were shot down where they stood; a few strove to reach the crest before the enemy. Finally, Mukhtar Pasha, seeing the ambuscade into which he had been drawn, heroically endeavored to retrieve his mistake. Placing himself at the head of two battalions, he threw himself into the advanced shelter trenches, and endeavored to check the Russian advance. It was too late, however; the Turks had lost heart, and the division under Kurd Ismail Pasha, seeing the day was against them, abandoned their positions and flew headlong down the hill toward Erzerum. All attempts to check their flight were in vain, and had it not been for the brigades under Faizi and Mehmed pashas, which boldly stood their ground, and poured a most destructive fire upon the Russians as they advanced in pursuit of the latter, might have taken possession of the capital of Armenia without striking a blow. As it was, they succeeded in establishing themselves at Devi Boyun, making use of the fortifications erected by their enemies with much complacency.

The battle of Azizi took place on November 9. For a description of this conflict we are indebted to a letter addressed to the London *Times* by the correspondent of that newspaper at Erzerum: "At 4.30 A.M. on the morning of the battle of Fort Azizi I was awakened by a terrific cannonade, and looking out of my window, I saw the streets filled with anxious crowds of men, women, and children, while from the minarets the Mollahs were calling on all able-bodied men to take up arms and fight for their religion. Many, inspired with frenzy by these exhortations, were rushing up to the citadel, where arms were being hastily served out to all who chose to apply for them, and in less than half an hour I found myself in the midst of an armed throng pushing on to Fort Azizi, which it appeared was being heavily attacked. From what I could learn on reaching that work—which I was permitted to enter unquestioned—it seems that at 2 A.M. one of the sentries in the Medjidieh lunette, situated in the northeast of the city, on the Top-Dagh hills, thought he heard the approach of a body of troops, and reported the circumstance to the officer of the guard, who, after listening, declared there was no cause for alarm. The man went back to his post, but in a few moments distinctly saw and heard a column of troops moving across the ground to the east of the work. He at once gave the alarm, but such was the celerity of the Russian movements that before the garrison could get under arms a body of between 200 and 300 of the enemy had effected a lodgment in the lunette, and others pouring in at the open gorge completed the capture of the place. The garrison were taken prisoners, not a man, I believe, being hurt or escaping. This Medjidieh lunette is an outwork to the Azizi Fort, which is situated about 1200 yards to the west. CAPITAN MEHMED PASHA, hearing the disturbance, at once moved out from the fort at the head of half a battalion, but only reached the gorge of the lunette to find it in the hands of the enemy. Without pausing an instant to consider, this gallant little man attacked the Russians with the bayonet, and with such impetuosity that, after a most desperate struggle of about twenty minutes' duration, the Turks were once more in possession of the work, while 300 dead bodies inside the Medjidieh Tabia testified to the sanguinary nature of the fight. It was now that the battle commenced. It appeared that the advanced guard of a Russian column had surprised and seized this outwork. The darkness of the night or the impetuosity of the Muscovite leader must be to blame for the failure of the plan, for before the main body reached the Medjidieh lunette the place had been taken and recaptured. The Russian general at once led the main column against the outwork, which now, however, had been re-enforced by about 1200 men from the Azizi Tabia, while the newly armed citizens, to the number of about 2000, came rushing up the hill, and, regardless of the fire poured upon them by two field batteries the enemy had in position, poured into the open gorge in rear of the work. The heavy guns in Azizi now opened on the enemy's columns, which drew off from the attack with much loss. At the same time another column, consisting of seven battalions of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, eight field and three heavy guns, appeared marching over the crest of the hills to the southwest of the city. This was, however, checked by the fire from the Youdjalou and Ahali tabias. Not that the enemy suffered any casualties, for I anxiously watched the effect of the Turkish shells, and noticed that they all fell some 600 or 700 yards short. I could only surmise that this force was originally intended to assault the Kiremedli Tabia, south-southwest of this place, simultaneously with the column attacking the Medjidieh Tabia, but that having miscalculated the distance, and finding not only that day had broke when they reached the summit of the Devi Boyun, but also that the attack on their right had failed, they judged it useless to make an assault in broad daylight on a fort well prepared against surprise."

In spite, however, of this success, the tide of fortune had not turned. While attention was drawn to Erzerum, the Russians had been making preparations for the great assault of the 18th, which resulted in the capture of Kars. The success which attended this brilliant night attack, which has been already described at length in the *Weekly*, was ascribed by the Turkish authorities to treachery within the fortress; but there appears to be no good ground for such an aspersion of its brave defenders.

(Continued from Supplement, No. 1096, p. 1040.)

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Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "BY CELIA'S ARBOR," "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

GREAT ST. SIMON APOSTLE.

OUTSIDE, John offered her his arm, and she took it, for the first time leaning on the protection of a man, so that the act seemed strange and even sacred to her. It meant that while she was with him he was to protect and take care of her; and it was the very first time that any man had offered to take care of her, so that she felt a little giddy.

"I am not going to drag you about the streets and make you tired," said John. "We will take a hansom and drive to the West End. Have you ever been to Regent Street?"

She shook her head. Already her nervousness was disappearing beneath the healthy stimulus of a great excitement. She, who had lived in London for seven years, had never seen the West End at all. The cab rattled them along the noisy streets, whose noise no longer oppressed her, but filled her with a sense of life and the excitement of living. The crowd of people, the shops, some of them already lighted, roused her out of her apathy.

Presently they came to Regent Street, and John stopped the cab.

"Now we are going to walk," he said.

The walk from Piccadilly to Oxford Circus took them three-quarters of an hour. In the course of that walk John went into several shops. One was a glove shop, where he purchased twelve pairs of the very best gloves and a glove-case—size of the glove six and a quarter, which was the size of Lettice's hand, curiously enough. Also he bought two or three beautiful silk ties of a pattern approved and chosen by Lettice, delighted at being consulted. Next he went into a photographer's, where he succeeded in getting some large views of Arcadian scenery, the subjects being selected by Lettice. After this he took her to a book shop, and ordered certain books to be sent to an address which he wrote down and gave to the shop-boy. They came next to a shop which had ladies' hats and bonnets in the window. A great many ladies, chiefly young and pretty, were gazing with eyes ablaze at the splendors of this shop. John went in and bought a hat and a bonnet, both of the newest pattern, which he told Lettice were for a young lady of her height, so that if she would try them on, no doubt they would fit the other young lady. Lettice was so obliging as to do this. Then they went into a magnificent great shop, where John said he wanted to buy a lady's walking-jacket and a dress made up. Lettice gave him her advice about this little matter too, and John paid for the things and left the address. Then he took her into a music shop and purchased blindly twenty or thirty pieces which the man informed him were good. This parcel he carried away with him. And then he went into a jeweller's shop, and Lettice's eyes sparkled with delight. O dreams of Golconda, what mines could hold more precious things than Lettice saw here? John bought a gold cross, and a gold chain, and a gold locket, and an emerald ring, which Lettice put on the third finger of her left hand and it fitted beautifully. And then John called another cab, and they drove home again.

The streets were all lit up by this time, and Lettice looked upon the long lines of lights, with houses illuminated from the lowest story to the top. No shutting up at five o'clock and running away here.

"Tell me," said John, softly—he had been looking at the face beside him, as with animated eyes Lettice gazed at the brilliant street—"tell me, how long is it since you left Great St. Simon Apostle and had a holiday?"

"Four years," said the girl. "Formerly I used to spend a month every year with my aunt at Moulsey Priors, in Essex, but she died, and since then I have been nowhere."

"Moulsey Priors!" It was the village where his mother had been born—which he was going to visit.

"You have been a prisoner for five years," he said. "Miss Langton, will you—will you trust me a little?"

"I think I trust you a great deal," she replied. "Have I not trusted you to give me a drive through all these wonderful things?"

"No, no; it is not that. But I can not bear to think of your creeping round and round that ghostly square all alone."

"But if I am all alone and can not help it?"

He was going to say something, but checked himself with the thought that the time was not come yet.

"Oh!" sighed the girl, "we are coming to the end of our drive. There is the Mansion-house! What is the time, Mr. Ashton? A quarter to six! We have been out for nearly three hours. And now I have got my silent evening before me, and somehow I do not feel as if I care for Mill's *Essay on Liberty* any more to-day. Here we are at Carmel Friars!"

John walked into the court—it was dark now, and more ghostly than ever—with the girl.

"I can not ask you to come in," she said; "but Mr. Pomeroy likes you to talk to him in the evening. He said so the other day. He said, when you went away, 'That is a sensible young man, Lettice; I like him. But then, large deductions—large deductions.' He meant that he was afraid of liking you too much, you know. Will you come again soon?"

"Will you drive out with me again soon?" he repeated. "This has been the most pleasant afternoon in all my life."

"Has it?" she replied, in all innocence. "So it has of mine. Do you think we can have another drive soon, Mr. Ashton? But, to be sure, you will not want to buy all those things again, will you? What a quantity of things you did buy, and what a lot of money you have spent!"

"'There is a time to spend,'" said John, quoting Solomon, "'and a time to save.' I reckon this is a time to spend. Good-night, Miss Langton." He held her hand in his for a longer time and with a warmer pressure than the mere leave-taking altogether warranted. "Good-night, Miss Langton. I forgot to say that—that—in fact, I hoped that you would accept the little things I bought to-day—"

"Accept—I—Mr. Ashton? Oh! I can not. All those things?"

John Pomeroy was a little staggered. But he would not show the white feather. So he returned to the charge.

"Why, Miss Langton, of course I bought them for you. In my country, if a young lady goes for a drive with us, we always buy something to mark the occasion. Why, when you play these pieces, you will think of the walk up Regent Street"—he placed the roll of music in her astonished hand—"and when you wear the gold cross and chain"—he deftly fastened the chain round her neck before she could prevent him—"you will think of our drive through the streets, and the pleasure it gave me. And the other things will all be here to-morrow. Of course," he added, "being an Arcadian I must follow the customs of the country. You forgive me?"

"Oh, Mr. Ashton," she said. "To buy all these things; and for me!"

He pressed her hand again, and was away.

I have never heard of that Arcadian custom, but one can not imagine that John Pomeroy invented it for the occasion.

Her pulse bounded and leaped, the blood ran faster through her veins, her eyes sparkled with a delight she had never before even dreamed of; she would have liked to jump up and dance, in only thinking of this unexpected and wonderful drive. Sindbad the Sailor had never seen such sights—Aladdin never got such splendid presents. And she had to sit still through the long dinner, and beat down her joy while Mr. Pomeroy sat over his wine, facing her, as silent as a sphinx, regardless of her joys or sorrows. It was but the day before that the man contemplated, without observing, a drooping flower, a mind already, at nineteen, beginning to turn inward and prey upon itself. In his selfish gloom and solitary moods he had already condemned a bright young girl to four years of imprisonment, and, as he never thought about the matter at all, he was quite ready to carry on the sentence year by year, till nature made an end.

But to-night the girl played over her new music, which was bright and joyous, struck some chords in the man's heart, which awoke unaccustomed thoughts in him; and at ten, when she rose to say "Good-night," he opened his mouth and spoke.

"What was that you were playing?"

"A new piece, given me by Mr. Ashton to-day; he took me for a drive and bought it for me—"

"Ay! it seemed an old piece. A trick of memory, I suppose, which conjured up the shadows of the dead. Ashton, eh? Well, he is a practical man. He understands things. If money can be made, he will make it. Tell him, if you see him again—when you see him again," he corrected himself, with a most unusual twinkle in his eye—"that I shall be glad to see him any evening at six—to dinner. I shall not send him any other invitation. Good-night, Lettice. She always professed to be grateful," he sneered. "Like all the rest—like all the rest! Ready to leave me for a lover! Gar! gratitude! With her, as with every body else—large deductions."

Then he began to smoke, and smoked till the clock struck twelve, when he got up and went to bed.

In the evening the presents had arrived. But among them Lettice failed to find the locket and the emerald ring, and she wondered for whom they were bought.

CHAPTER III.

LARGE DEDUCTIONS.

MR. POMEROY had been a resident as well as the tenant of an office in Great St. Simon Apostle for four-and-twenty years. He came to the place a man of thirty, and called himself generally an agent. That is to say, he was ready to do any kind of business on commission. Mostly his business lay with farmers, for whom he negotiated leases and renewals, bought machinery, and sometimes sold stock. He was also a house agent; and as that business is one which more than any other seems to develop the suspicious element in human nature, it suited his saturnine disposition. In the conduct of his affairs he was quick and entirely trustworthy. He sought for no mean or unfair advantage; never imposed, as is the nature of house agents, upon the ignorance or credulity of such defenseless and innocent persons as widows, clergymen, officers, or authors; and kept his word like the Bank of England. On the other hand, he was hard; if he had money to receive, those rents had to be paid on the day they were due. He had a large clientèle, but not one single friend; not one single man for four-and-twenty years had passed from the doors of his office to his private rooms. He was not a hermit, because he went in and out among men, sometimes dined in public places, was seen in places of resort; but he knew no one, and spoke to no one. And every evening he spent alone in his own room. He professed to despise and mistrust human nature; he looked on every one as a possible knave, who admitted no enthusiasms, and who allowed no disinterested grounds of any action, however simple. A disappointed and soured man; a man whose nature, always inclined to be suspicious, exacting, and irritable—an unhappy nature—had received some violent twist at one time or the other. If in the course of business a man was praised, if a measure was advocated, if a work was admired, if any thing was advanced in his presence which tended to raise the credit of human nature, or the reputation of any man, country, or human institution, Mr. Pomeroy had one formula. On those occasions he would lay his hands upon his knees, look his companion in the face, shake his head, and murmur, "Large deductions." So impressive was the voice, and so convinced the tone, that the speaker seldom had heart to go on, and felt his own enthusiasm suddenly grow cold, his own faith waver. There had grown round this uncompanionable man among the class who chiefly made up his clientèle a reputation for acquaintance with all kinds of agricultural affairs—machinery, drainage, steam-works, crops, ground, stock—on all these subjects Mr. Pomeroy was an authority. At Islington they followed him round and waited for his few words, and those who came to his office had good value for their money. He had an amazing capacity for business, and wasted little money in keeping clerks. Two boys, who received five shillings each, and took turns to do the outside work, were enough for him. All the rest he managed himself.

At this time his hair, which was short and curly, had grown quite white. It was a crisp, deficient kind of hair, which stood up in a thick crop, springing straight from his forehead. His eyes were bright and keen, but perhaps a little too close together. His features were strongly marked; his mouth firm, and his smooth-shaven chin square and long. It was not a face to fall in love with, and it was a face to inspire that kind of respect which attaches to strong natures. Beggars, who are great observers and acute physiognomists, felt that it would be useless asking such a face as that for charity; people who go round to offices for benevolent or religious societies came down stairs from his at once, and without pressing their claims, when they heard his "No!" in a deep and decided note; and children who ask the time, women who ask the way, crossing-sweepers who ply the broom, were all alike struck silent by the cold sternness of that face. Possibly there might be some tender spot somewhere in the heart of "Large Deductions," but no one yet had ever found it out.

Certainly neither Lettice nor Will Langton.

It was, as the girl told John Pomeroy, seven years since she had been brought to Great St. Simon Apostle. A dreadful thing happened to the children. They lived in a certain market town in Essex, not far from the village of Moulsey Priors, the old house of the Burdacombs. Their father was the manager of the country branch of a great bank; their house was the upper part of the bank. One day the father went out after the closing of the bank, as was his custom, but on this day he did not return. The mother sat up all night waiting in alarm for the husband who was to come home no more. And in the morning they found him lying in a ditch by the wayside—dead. He had killed himself. The mother, weak and ill herself at the time, died broken-hearted a week later. For there was more than suicide to face—there was disgrace. But this the orphans were partly spared, for Mr. Pomeroy came down from town and took them both away with him. Lettice he kept in his City house; the boy he sent to school.

"Understand," he said to Lettice, then a child of twelve, "that I am not to be disturbed. There is to be no talking and idle chatter. Amuse yourself as best you can. You shall have masters to teach you things, but do not talk to me or expect me to amuse you."

So the girl began the seven long silent years spent with this man, who never spoke to her except on matters of business.

For two years she and her brother went to spend a month at a certain farm-house at Moulsey Priors, where her aunt lived; but the aunt died, and then there was nowhere to go to. When she was sixteen, Mr. Pomeroy asked her if she wished to have any more teaching. She did not, she said, although that was hardly true, because she would have liked the lessons to continue for the sake of the masters' talk. So then there was nobody at all to speak to. Will, too, was sent for two years' training in Germany, where he was to qualify himself for a foreign correspondence clerkship. Fancy the loneliness of the girl if you can. Try to understand the wild yearning that at times would come over her for somebody to come; for something to talk to; for some one to caress; for something to happen. No one, only an austere maid and an unsympathizing cook, with, by way of an external friend, the old woman who dusted the pews and swept the floor of the Dutch church. No nun in any cloister could be more lonely, for nuns talk and work with each other; no prisoner in a cell could have been more lonely, for the prisoners have the chaplain to talk to. Long ago she would have sickened and died, like a flower shut out from sun and air, but for one thing which saved her. When she was eighteen, which was about the end of the year 1874, her brother Will came home from Germany, his education finished, and was permitted to spend every Sunday evening—Mr. Pomeroy locked himself up in his office during the whole of Sunday—with her. Thenceforth the Sunday evenings were hours sacred to affection and talk. She thought beforehand what she would talk about, so as to get the most talk possible out of the few hours during which her brother was with her. She studied what to say and how to say it, so as to please him; she put on her best things to please him; more than that, she gave him three-fourths of her money to please him. She clothed him with all the virtues that a boy can possess. He was the handsomest and the noblest of young men; he was the best and most single-hearted of brothers. Who does not know the length to which a fond woman's heart may carry her? Who has not experienced in his own life something of that sweet deception? We look in the glass and we see what we are. A woman looks at us, and who can tell what she sees?

For Will Langton, too young to be altogether bad, was in a bad way. He was inclined for the things which young City clerks do well to avoid. He was idle, and fond of pleasure. He was extravagant. He was weak of will, and easily influenced.

It was on an evening toward the middle of October that the quiet dullness of Lettice Langton's silent life was disturbed—the first time for four years. She was playing some old music in that dreamy, spiritless way which was growing upon her, daily eating out the hope and vigor of her youth. Her very dreams were faint now—those dreams of a possible and glorious change—and there were moments when she trembled, thinking of the dull dark days before, and the dull dark days behind.

It was a cold, rainy evening; a fire was burning in the grate, by which sat Mr. Pomeroy in his habitual silence. He held a book in his hand, but he was not reading, and his eyes were fixed upon the red coals. He sat thus, night after night—not brooding, because he was never moody or angry, as is the way with men who brood over past misfortunes and wax wroth over by-gone injuries. It was his habit. It was also his habit to take no notice, not the slightest notice, of the girl who sat with him. They had dined in silence; in silence Mr. Pomeroy took his cup of tea from the girl's hand. The servants were below, and the house was silent; the court was silent; there was no footfall below, no voices in the house, no token of any life but the rustling of the girl's dress, and the distant rumble which was like the beating of the waves upon the shore, so far off as to produce no sense of noise, but rather a feeling that it was a part of the universal calm and quiet.

Then the clock struck eight—a dozen clocks are striking together—Big Ben in the distance, St. Paul's nearer, and all the City churches chiming in—some a little late, so that it was five minutes past eight when every one was finished. The regular striking of the hours was also a part and parcel of the general stillness. When Robinson Crusoe felt the silence and solitude of his island most, the waves were rolling along the shore and the wind was clashing the boughs together, but these things only struck his ears without his hearing them.

So that when a quick and loud footstep echoed in the court, followed by a ringing at the door, both started.

"Who is that, Lettice?" asked Mr. Pomeroy. No single evening visitor had ever come to the place during the four-and-twenty years of his tenancy.

The maid brought up a letter.

"The gentleman is waiting down below, Sir. I said that you saw no one in the evening, but he says he wants you very particular."

"Humph! Give me the letter." He broke the seal and looked at the signature.

"It is from old Eli Ramsden, the Quaker, of Moulsey Priors. What has he got to say to me?"

"Dear Friend John Pomeroy,—The bearer of this note, John Ashton, has to confer with thee on practical questions. It is for thy great good that thee should see him at once, see him often, and learn to know him. This in truth, from thy friend
Eli Ramsden."

"For my great good? See him often? What does Ramsden mean? Jane, show the young man up stairs into the office. No, here; and light us a fire. My great good! Ah, large deductions—large deductions! As if any thing could happen to me now for my great good!"

Certainly a good deal might happen to the pale girl before him, who raised her quiet eyes in languid curiosity to see the stranger. Doubtless some uninteresting City person—one of those who rushed about all day with eager faces.

No; a young man who, whatever he was, could not be set down even at first sight as an uninteresting City man. A young man of quite a different style. A tall and brawny young fellow, with clear-cut features and steady eyes; and as he stood in the door, hat in hand, Lettice felt for a moment as if she had seen him before somewhere—perhaps in a dream.

John Pomeroy the younger—it was he—saw before him a pale and very beautiful girl rising from a piano-forte, and at the fireside an elderly man, with hard, stern face, and white hair standing up all over his head in short sturdy curls. The room was plainly furnished, having the girl's piano, a case of books, and a single easy-chair, in addition to the customary simple furniture of a sitting-room.

The young man felt a singular emotion. Before him was his own father, whose very existence he had never suspected until a few weeks before. His father! There was but little to be made out of surmises, but he felt, at first sight, that his was a father capable of astonishing things in the way of hardness. That was immediately apparent.

"You are Mr. John Ashton?" asked the elder man, referring to his letter.

"I am—I am John Ashton," he replied, with a curious hesitation, as if he was not certain whether he might not be somebody else.

And again Lettice had the feeling of having seen him before. The very voice was familiar. It was deep and clear, like the voice of her guardian.

"My old friend"—here Mr. Pomeroy looked steadily at his visitor—"my old friend Eli Ramsden tells me that you wish to see me. How can I serve you? or, as we are men of business, and I like to call things by their proper names, how can we serve each other?"

"Let us call things by their proper names. You can serve me by teaching me."

"I am not a private tutor."

"And yet you can serve me by teaching me. You are, Mr. Ramsden tells me, better acquainted than any living man with agricultural work of all kinds in England."

"Eli Ramsden is a man of truth," said Mr. Pomeroy. "I should not have said that of myself. But since he says it, you may accept it."

"I do accept it. I am an Arcadian, Sir; not by birth, because I was born in England, but I have passed twenty-four years out of twenty-five and two months in the country, and I claim to call myself an Arcadian born."

"You seem proud of it."

"I am proud of it, Sir. We are going to be a great country some day."

"Ah! Large deductions," murmured the elder.

"Well, we will talk about that another time. I am over here to learn all that can be known, all that can be taught me, to aid me on my farm."

"You have a farm? Of your own?"

"It is my mother's. I am her only son, and I am therefore, in a sense, the owner."

"And you have brought over money? We do nothing here for love."

"I am in command of three thousand pounds, most of which I am to lay out to advantage in implements and stock, but part I may spend upon myself."

"To throw away in what you call amusements."

"No, Sir. To throw away in education—in such things as one can not get in the backwoods. That is my business in England. And Mr. Ramsden says you can help me."

"Ay. I am agent for more than one kind of business. Suppose I can help you?"

"Then we will make an arrangement. This is my proposition: I will come here three nights a week; you shall answer my questions—there will be plenty of them—and you will tell me what you know. There is plenty of knowledge in your brain, if I can get it out. Think this over, and make a proposal as to terms. Just as well be talking to me as sitting over a fire."

Mr. Pomeroy was taken altogether aback. Here was a young man, whom he had never seen before, actually proposing to intrude himself for three nights in every week into his private rooms; to rob him of his twenty-five years' evening silence; to pump him for information; to bore him with questions. The impudence of the thing startled him. He looked up and met his visitor's eyes gazing full in his, and he started, as if in sudden pain.

"You say," he replied, slowly, "that your name is John Ashton—John Ashton. I never knew any one of that name; and yet your eyes seem familiar to me. I knew a—a person with the same eyes once; quite the same eyes. I thought that person was in every way to be trusted. But there—the same dull old story—the usual large deductions. Never trust to appearances, boy. Never believe in your neighbor. Fight for your own hand. Praise nobody. Trust nobody. Ask no trust of any body. There, you have learned more wisdom from me in two minutes than you have learned all your life."

"Perhaps, Sir," the younger replied, "that is a sort of wisdom which every man must have for himself. This young lady would not believe it as yet, at any rate. I am sure of that—any more than I believe it."

Lettice, who had been sitting on the music-stool listening, started.

"No," she said; "I can not believe that there are no good people in the world. I have met with one, at least."

She looked at her guardian.

"Tush! nonsense, girl. What do you know?"

"Will you take me, Mr. Pomeroy?" urged the young man. "You shall call me your pupil, your apprentice, any thing you please; only take me. Let me come here three nights a week for a month or two. You will find me an apt pupil and a ready learner; only you must let me come as a friend and an equal, else I am afraid my habits will surprise you."

"Why do you want to come so much?"

"Why? For fifty reasons."

Mr. Pomeroy considered a few moments. Then he looked up and said, in a low voice, as if he had been fighting a battle with himself and been defeated:

"You may come. Begin to-morrow. Now, good-night."

"Thank you, Sir, I will come. But I am coming as a friend, and so, please introduce me to that young lady."

"This young lady is my ward, Miss Lettice Langton."

The young man called John Ashton held out his hand. It was a very pretty, delicate little hand that was put forth to meet his grasp.

"I hope we shall be very good friends, Miss Langton. I have no friends, yet, in London."

"Nor have I," she murmured.

Then he was gone. They listened, as he sprang down the steps four at a time; they heard him shut the door after him; they heard his footsteps in the court and down the narrow passage of Carmel Friars. Then every thing was quiet again.

Lettice Langton looked at her guardian. He was staring straight before him, as if he had seen a ghost.

"I am a fool, Lettice," he said, in a tone quite unlike himself—"I am a fool to admit that boy to the house. What does Eli Ramsden mean by sending me a mad Arcadian? All because his eyes made me think of some one else. Eyes, and mouth, and voice—gestures, too, all reminded me. Strange tricks memory plays. Good-night, Lettice."

In his hotel, close by, the young fellow sat writing a letter to his mother.

"I have seen him," he wrote—"I have seen him, thanks to Mr. Ramsden's letter. He is gray-haired, but looks strong and vigorous. His manner is very cold, and he says that there is no one in the world to be trusted—of course I don't believe that. He said, too, that my eyes reminded him of 'a person'—that is what he said—'a person.' I acted entirely on Mr. Ramsden's advice. He is a stiff old Quaker, but he read all the letters, and when he had read them, he said, dryly: 'Thy mother is a woman whom we may pity, friend John. I will think what thou must do.' And the next day he told me what I should do. Mr. Pomeroy—I am afraid to say my father, lest I should one day blurt it all out by accident—is the cleverest man in all England about agricultural things. The farmers go to him, and he buys instruments, gives advice, or sells advice, and act for him. There is no one, says Eli Ramsden, like him; and if he were a different man, he would make himself better known and acquire an immense reputation. But he lives locked up, and has no friends. No one, said Eli Ramsden, has ever seen him in his private room, where he lives alone. So I was the first. I went in quite boldly, as if I expected to be received with open arms; and after a bit he gave way. He does not live alone, because there is a young lady with him, a Miss Lettice Something. Mother, I think I have lost my heart! I told you I would let you know whenever I did. Oh, such a pretty girl! such a quiet, good-looking girl! She did not speak till I spoke to her. But I made him introduce me, and I am to go as a friend. As a friend! If only he knew!

"My dear mother, I am sure I shall bring things round. I am quite sure I shall. Do not ask me how or why, because I do not know; but I feel that my father, hard and stern as he looks, will give way sooner or later, when he knows who and what I am, and has learned how jealous, suspicious, and hasty he has been. It is the memory of his own injustice that shuts him up away from the world; he knows that he has destroyed his own happiness, and takes a pleasure in fancying that others have done it for him. To-morrow I go to begin my course of lessons. Well, he will be useful to the farm; that's a fact. I told him I had three thousand pounds. I did not tell him that some of it belongs to his brother-in-law, Stephen Burdacomb, to be spent for him, and the rest to himself, because it belongs to his wife. My poor father! it is absurd to pretend that I feel drawn toward him by invisible chains of natural affection. That is novel talk; but I want to know him. I want to find out what there was in this man that made you love him, and what are his better qualities. And I want to learn myself, by studying him. They say that sons inherit from their mothers. Still, I should like to find out if I have got any thing at all from him.

"London is a splendid place, when you get used to the crowd. To-day I went to—" Here followed a page of description, which we omit, because most of our readers have seen the Tower, St. Paul's, the Monument, and the Docks.

"And, my dear mother, I can't get that girl's face out of my mind. Do you really believe in love at first sight? And perhaps she belongs to some other fellow. Happy other fellow!"

Mr. Pomeroy, left alone, tried in vain to recover the usual tenor of his thoughts. Some chord had been struck which awakened recollections of the past.

"What is it?" he asked himself. "The lad's eyes, his mouth, his gestures, all remind me of her. Rubbish! I am put out, and nervous. She is dead—dead, long ago—long ago—dead and forgotten."

CHAPTER IV.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

The most edifying of all Hogarth's celebrated series used to be, in my young days, a certain contrasted pair of pictures. In one was represented the industrious apprentice in church, looking almost too pious, and singing out of the same hymn-book with a pretty girl. Love, religion, duty, the approbation of others, a proper sense of female beauty, and the applause of a good conscience, are all depicted in that fortunate young man's face. I could never, for my own part, divest myself of the feeling that had it not been for the pretty, demure maiden who holds one-half of the Brady and Tate, that young man might have followed the example of the other young man, who, as every body knows, is depicted in the companion picture as at the same moment playing heads and tails on a tombstone. He is all-unconscious of the beadle, who is stealing on him from behind, cane in hand; and he is most unfortunately ignorant of the fact that his position is favorable for the administration of the most awful crack that he is ever likely to receive in all his life. These two apprentices are for the moment represented by young John Pomeroy, the industrious, and Will Langton, the idle. The former, spending his evenings in practical conversation, learning all that his tutor could teach, always in the society of the pretty maiden; the latter, unlucky Will, idling away the golden hours in billiard-rooms and music-halls. And on Sundays, while the idle apprentice spends the forenoon smoking tobacco, only pulling himself together to visit his sister in the evening, the industrious young man might have been seen at the Dutch church in Carmel Friars, singing off the same hymn-book with the sweetest girl in all London. How excellent and how manifold are the rewards held out to those who do their duty! To be sure, John understood no word of Dutch; but he was in a church; before him stood the preacher, doubtless saying words good to hear; around him, within this narrow wainscoted fold, sat the honest Hollanders, listening devoutly; and beside him, her face touched with the glow of a dim autumnal ray shining through the windows, was Lettice Langton. It was new and strange for both of them. John's opportunities for flirting were few in the Arcadian backwoods; such maidens as he met were—well—good and true girls as any the sun shines upon; but not like Lettice, not so sweet, not so delicate, not so dainty, not so altogether desirable and lovely. I fear that while the voice of the preacher rang among the rafters, and echoed from the walls of the great empty church, that industrious apprentice, like his predecessor, was thinking more of the face beside him than the Gospel that was being preached. When church was over, John walked with Lettice once or twice up and down the court, and left her to go home to her early and solitary dinner.

The evening lessons began. The young man took advantage of the permission to come as a friend in its fullest extent. He made as if he were an old friend; he pretended to be a confidential friend; he told Mr. Pomeroy the whole of his private affairs—except one thing, *bien entendu*—he asked his advice, as well as sought for information. So that, on the very first evening, Mr. Pomeroy found himself intrusted with the management, so to speak, of estates in Arcadia, belonging to a lady whom he had never heard of. Not only that, but he was managing them for nothing. Most men approached Mr. Pomeroy with that diffidence which belongs to a reputation for ability, wealth, and eccentricity. The stranger met him with neither diffidence nor timidity; he was, as is the custom in that free country, one man with another. Mr. Pomeroy, strange to say, liked it. What he liked more was the dash and pluck of the young fellow and his eminently practical mind. Perhaps what he liked as well was the change in his habits. He was roused out of himself. He actually began to talk to Lettice at breakfast and at dinner. He even seemed to take an interest in what she did; asked her more than once if she was not dull, and became, in a word, human.

"He is a practical young fellow," he said one morning. "That is what I like him for. None of your dreamy lot, who go to bed at night thinking that all the world are struggling who shall be first to help them. No, no; he means to help himself first—that is his line. Meantime he is young, and of course believes that people are not all envious of success, and chiefly anxious to throw stones at men going up the ladder. Gar! wait till he is a little older."

The prospect of seeing John speedily become as great a misanthrope as himself put Mr. Pomeroy in good humor.

"I wish he would come every night," he said. "We are poor company with each other, Lettice. Why don't you talk to me sometimes?"

"You do not like being disturbed."

"Tut, tut. Every man likes conversation. I do not like prattle. Now, Ashton talks well. Why don't you pay him a little more attention? Then he would come oftener perhaps."

"I, Sir?" Lettice opened her eyes.

"He would like it, I am sure, if you gave him a little encouragement. Now look here," the conspirator nodded his head and looked crafty. "Offer to play to him to-night—you play very well."

So that evening—the third—Lettice, timidly glancing at her guardian, asked John Ashton if he would like her to play a little.

"The very thing I was longing for," he said, springing to his feet and throwing open the piano. "The very thing; but I did not dare ask it."

That was the case with him. He dared any thing with Mr. Pomeroy, but with the girl he was afraid. It is a healthy instinct which prompts a young man's knees to tremble and his voice to sink before the girl he loves. Knees strengthen as one gets older, and the divinity of women falls from the ripened and saddened eye of experience.

Lettice played for an hour. She played with expression and with skill. Alone all day, music was her principal solace, and her piano the friend to whom she confided all her thoughts. She played, and the young man sat beside her and listened.

"At home," he murmured in her ear—"at home we have choral societies and madrigal clubs—I belong to one—but there is no one among us who can play like you."

She blushed with pleasure. It was the first time any one had ever praised her. Good heavens! if people only knew the power of praise, and how it wins the love of men and women! Praise every body, you who want popularity; but praise, if you mean what you say, not as though you are sneering or envying, else people will hate you. Let every poet be a Milton, every woman a goddess, every artist a Raphael, every actor a Garrick, every novelist a Dickens, every newspaper writer a Macaulay; then you will be greatly loved, and backbiters will have to operate on other people's backs—the backs of those who criticise and blame.

"Shall I sing for you?" asked the young man. "Or perhaps you will sing to me."

"No," she replied. "I have no voice. What will you sing?"

He looked about among her music and found a song which he knew. It was a simple Scotch song, and he sang very well, and had a good bass voice.

"Ah!" said Mr. Pomeroy, "I used to sing once myself."

Lettice heard this with amazement. Mr. Pomeroy sing!

"Why did you give it up?" John asked, bluntly.

"Because there came a time when I gave up a great many things in which I had formerly taken pleasure; because I learned to know the world. Was taught it in a single lesson. Most men learn it in a series of lessons."

At ten the music ceased, and Lettice left them alone.

"I always have a glass of brandy and water with my pipe. Will you join me?" asked Mr. Pomeroy, in a burst of generosity, because hospitality was one of his disused virtues. We most of us have several disused virtues lying by, rusty for want of practice. Some day, when I have time, I mean to get all mine out, furbish and rub them up smart and clean, and go about brandishing them. Think of every body's astonishment!

"Thank you," said John. "I never touch spirits or drink of any kind. And I do not smoke."

Mr. Pomeroy belonged to that old-fashioned school of thinkers who hold that wine, and especially port, should be consumed after dinner; beer, and especially bitter beer, with luncheon; and spirits, especially brandy, were to be taken before going to bed, with two pipes. He clung to these habits, and it seemed flippant that so young a man should refuse to conform with them.

"Not drink any thing—a teetotaler? And not smoke? Why do you affect these singularities?"

"Well, Sir, they are not singularities at all. At least I do not mean them as such. They are the customs of the country."

"Do you mean that no one in Arcadia drinks any thing?"

"Not quite. Only that a large proportion among us, even in the towns, are temperance men, and that in my part of the country very few drink at all."

"Well!" said Mr. Pomeroy. "Large deductions, no doubt—large deductions."

It was on the Saturday after the first of those evenings that John took Lettice for her drive.

On the Sunday morning, when she came down the Friars at eleven o'clock, he was waiting for her in the porch of the church.

He saw that she had put on her new jacket and bonnet. She was not surprised to see him. "I thought you would be here," she said, simply. "You can come to church with me; we are just in time."

After church he asked her to go for a walk with him, but she refused, on the ground of early dinner, and he was fain to let her go. After the door of Number Five shut upon her, how flat, stale, and dull the whole place seemed! And what a dismal place London became—London on Sundays!

As yet, he knew, there could be no question of love. She was not a girl who thought of love-making; she had, he was sure, no suspicion of love, no expression of the slightest flirtation; ignorant of every thing, of the world, of the ways of men, of society, of her own sex, she accepted the suit and service of John Ashton as an unexpected delight, a thing to be taken with gratitude, but which had one great drawback, because he would soon go away and leave her alone again in a desolation which would be aggravated by the memory of past joys. Already, in a single week, she had learned to look forward with eagerness to his visit; already she was trying to think what she would play that he would like; already she was remembering and treasuring up his words; already her brother had the second place in her thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]